JOHN BULL

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The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS AND ITS COMPOUNDS.

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Back-Ache	"IRONISED"
Biliousness	"GASTRIC"
Blood, Poorness of	"IRONISED"
Do., do., for Ladies, Children, and very Delicate Persons	"SUB-IRONISED"
Brain Fag	"PLAIN"
Breath, Shortness of	"PLAIN"
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Constipation	"ANTI-STIPATIO"
Consumption (Pulmonary and other forms of	"MAGNESIAN"
Coughs, Ordinary	"BRONCHIAL"
Convalescence from all debilitating diseases	"PLAIN" or "IRONISED"
Cramp	"IRONISED"
Deafness	"TOMALINED"
Debility, Nervous	"PLAIN"
Do., Muscular	"IRONISED"
Do., General	"IRONISED"
Depression	"PLAIN"
Despondency	"PLAIN"
Dizziness	"PLAIN"
Do., (for Ladies and Delicate Persons)	"SUB-IRONISED"
Drowsiness	"PLAIN"
Dyspepsia	"GASTRIC"
Eczema	"CUTANEOUS"
Energy, Loss of	"PLAIN"
Erysipelas	"ANTI-NEURALGIC"
Exhaustion, Mental	"PLAIN"
Faintness	"PLAIN"
Fistula	"ANTI-STIPATIO"
Flatulence	"ANTI-STIPATIO"
Gastritis	"GASTRIC"
Giddiness	"PLAIN"
Gout	"ANTI-RHEUMATIC"
Head, Noises in	"PLAIN"
Head, Pains in	"PLAIN"
Headaches	"PLAIN"
Heartburn	"ANTI-STIPATIO"
Heart, Weakness of	"IRONISED"
Do., do. (for Ladies and Delicate Persons)	"SUB-IRONISED"
Hysteria	"PLAIN"
Indigestion	"GASTRIC"
Influenza (as a restorative after)	"IRONISED"
Insomnia	"PLAIN"
Irritability	"PLAIN"
Kidneys, Weak	"IRONISED"
Lassitude	"PLAIN"
Liver, All Complaints of	"GASTRIC"
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Melancholia	"PLAIN"
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Mental Exhaustion	"PLAIN"
Mind, Inability to Concentrate the...	"PLAIN"
Morbid Forebodings	"PLAIN"
Moroseness	"PLAIN"
Mumps	"SUB-IRONISED"
Nausea	"PLAIN"
Neuralgia	"ANTI-NEURALGIC"
Neurasthenia	"PLAIN"
Nervousness	"PLAIN"
Nervous Breakdown	"PLAIN"
Neuritis	"PLAIN"
Obesity	"IRONISED"
Old Age, Feebleness of	"PLAIN"
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Pleurisy	"BRONCHIAL"
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Prostration, Nervous and Mental	"PLAIN"
Do., Physical	"IRONISED"
Prolapsus Ani	"ANTI-STIPATIO"
Psoriasis	"CUTANEOUS"
Quinsy	"BRONCHIAL"
Restlessness	"PLAIN"
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Sciatica	"IRONISED"
Scrofula	"IRONISED"
Sight, Weak or Partial Loss of	"TOMALINED"
Skin Diseases	"CUTANEOUS"
Sleeplessness	"PLAIN"
Smell, Defective	"TOMALINED"
Stomach, Weakness of	"GASTRIC"
St. Vitus' Dance	"PLAIN"
Swellings, Dropsical	"IRONISED"
Taste, Defective	"TOMALINED"
Throat, Weakness of	"BRONCHIAL"
Trembling	"PLAIN"
Twitchings, Nervous	"PLAIN"
Varicose Veins	"SUB-IRONISED"
Vertigo	"PLAIN"
Vitality, Loss of	"PLAIN"
Weakness, Nervous	"PLAIN"
Do., General Muscular	"IRONISED"
Whooping Cough	"BRONCHIAL"
Worry, Effects of	"PLAIN"

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JOHN BULL.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The Government is at length realising the truth of what we have been dinning into its ears for months past—that the Lords will reject the Budget. Hence this sudden activity in the window-dressing direction. The only question now remaining is whether the General Election can be postponed to January. Personally, we do not think it can be.

Meantime, there is much negotiation going on with the Labour Party, with a view to a compact to avoid splitting the Liberal vote. The Labour men are stipulating for fifty seats. The hand of the new Chief Whip is well in evidence.

We are glad to have been the means of obtaining considerable concessions from the Postmaster-General in connection with the Post Office Sub-engineers.

Mr. Gladstone does *not* think there is any reason for interfering with the sentence of five years' detention in a reformatory, recently passed by Mr. Rose, the Stipendiary of the Tower Bridge Police Court, upon the little nurse girl of fourteen years of age, who stole a few pounds from a coffee shop in which she was engaged, and who was removed from the dock crying bitterly to her parents to take her home. The Home Secretary is of opinion "that it is to her interest that she should remain in the Reformatory School, where she will receive the careful training which is called for in her case." We suppose he knows best.

Mr. Gladstone does *not* think that the question of the quality of food supplied to shop assistants in some of our large establishments, or of the heavy fines inflicted upon them for the most trivial offences, can be dealt with in the Shops Bill which he has introduced. He thinks they should more properly be considered in relation to the Truck Acts. We do not.

Nor does the Home Secretary think that he can at present find time to do anything for the protection of domestic servants, many of whom work 100 hours a week and live under scandalous conditions. We candidly confess that we did not think he would. But if it is wrong for a shop assistant to work on Sunday (it being clearly understood *we* do not say it is), why should Mary Jane be allowed to violate the Sabbath, whilst her master and mistress are at church?

Apropos our recent Open Letter to the Bishop of Manchester in reference to his prohibition of the marriage of the Reverend A. E. Foster, on the ground that he had divorced his first wife, it is pointed out to us that the divorce occurred not "a few months ago," as stated in our Letter, but no less than eleven years ago, during which time Mr. Foster has had to take entire charge of his two children. This makes the action of the Bishop so much the worse.

A correspondent points out to us that taking the number of persons returned as being in receipt of Old Age Pensions as 647,494, and taking the population of the United Kingdom at, roughly, 43,000,000, we get the "ridiculous result" that one in every 65 inhabitants has reached the age of seventy—without making any allowance for those with incomes of over ten shillings a week, and who are excluded from the pension. But is it ridiculous? Take five as representing an average family. Can you think of any thirteen families in the whole of which there is not a person aged seventy?

A fiend of an old woman, Ann Bourne, of Worthing, deliberately burnt a four-year-old child about the lower part of the body, "some of the wounds being three inches in length." The magistrates have fined her £5 or a month, and let her off until she can find the money. She had better be careful in the future. We warn her that they will take serious notice of her if she is ever caught sleeping out.

Evidently Queensland is no place just now for the Britisher who thinks of "going out" in search of a job. In an issue of the *Queensland Morning Post* to hand we find, under the heading of "A Pitiful Sight," an account of the privations of immigrants travelling in search of work in the Mitchell district. "The men are absolutely useless for bushwork," it is said, "so they are on the track, with swags up, no money, no tucker, and at their wits' end to know where to turn." Broken and beaten, how glad many of them would be to turn again home! Queensland emigrants, beware!

Why did Lord Eliot commit suicide?

There is an undercurrent of Liberal opinion which threatens Mr. Harold Cox, M.P., in his Preston constituency. We venture to hope that the official caucus at Westminster will do everything possible to break its force. Mr. Cox is a charming man—talented, strong and sincere in his convictions, facile in debate, independent in judgment, fearless in the statement of his views. In a word, he is a personality, and not a tin can rattling at somebody else's coat tails. It is true that his Individualism often brings him into conflict with the Liberal leaders, but his rare faculty of stimulating and illuminating Parliamentary thought is not lightly to be dispensed with. There is room for independent men in the House. Preston Liberals are honoured by having such a man for their representative. If they threw him over, they might easily get a dummy. We shall have to start a Preston branch of the John Bull League.

Mrs. Elizabeth Brabazon Hardy, "of London," may heartily congratulate herself on the fact that she is "stylishly dressed," the "widow of a gentleman who occupied a high position as an officer in one of our crack regiments," of "high social position," and possesses friends "occupying prominent positions in the Parliamentary and social life of England." The reason we say this is that if she had been a hungry woman, ragged, bootless, homeless and despairing, and had then stolen a silver tankard from that Harrogate shopkeeper's, as was the charge against her in the police-court of that town, she would probably be now in gaol, performing hard labour. There was no pretence of kleptomania in the case. Mrs. Elizabeth Brabazon Hardy went into the shop, asked to see some paltry eighteenpenny article or other, and while the shopkeeper's back was turned, helped herself to the silver, and departed with it in a hired landau, not knowing that "in consequence of something which had happened," she was being watched by a police-inspector's wife on his instructions. At the police-court she pleaded guilty, a medical man was called to say that he "considered her action *might* have been due to a sudden aberration of mind," which is probably all that burglary, pocket-picking, embezzlement or stealing amounts to in general—and the magistrates fined her £5 and costs. The cash was paid, and this well-known, fashionably dressed society lady was "then handed over to the care of her friends." Thus was everything made comfy. Should any poor devil be charged at Harrogate in the future with stealing a breadloaf or a penn'orth of coal we confidently anticipate that the magistrates will give him half-a-sovereign and sentence him to a night's lodging in the Grand Hotel.

The debate on the Irish Land Bill illuminates the attitude of the average M.P. towards Irish affairs. Here was a Bill involving some £180,000,000 of stock backed up by British credit, and yet almost as soon as it was mentioned British M.P.'s bolted from the precincts and left Mr. Birrell to address his observations to empty benches, save where the Irishry sit to wipe Erin's tears away. By consequence, Mr. Redmond was able to drive one or two rather good bargains, and we don't blame him. "Oh, damn Ireland!" exclaimed a certain M.P. as he cleared out. Well, Ireland seems to have been pretty well damned already. *Sans* Home Rule, it is being run at a loss of over a million a year to England, which is not a good bargain. With the Irish managing their own affairs, the money might be saved. At any rate, it is clear we cannot manage their affairs for them—except at a big loss.

Jim Crow is a strong anti-suffragette. Commenting, the other evening upon the action of the ladies in Holloway Prison who refused to eat their food, he suggested that the name of the establishment should be changed to "Home for Starving Cats." The dog!

Detective-Inspector Arrow has been relieved of his duties as organising chief of special police in Barcelona. From the first it was obvious he would have to crack nuts if he was to succeed under the exacting and discouraging conditions in which he was called upon to work. That he has not been able to crack them is probably more his misfortune than his fault; they were doubtless too hard for his teeth. All along, he has had to fight the official cliques and the newspapers, while the authorities have not done much to assist him. In a word, his appointment was never popular. We are not surprised. If the British Government were to appoint the Herr Helig Schutzmann to be chief of Scotland Yard, what a deuce of a row there would be!

Current report is that when he read in the *Auto* that having doubts about the practical value of airships for military purposes, the German War Minister had decided to buy no more Zeppelins, Mr. Haldane inflated his chest and shook hands with himself and laughed up his sleeve and gurgled with self-satisfaction. Certainly an airship which cannot invade us in a gale of wind need not keep us awake o' nights. The new British Air Office has the advantage of starting business knowing not only what to avoid in the existing, but what to aim at, and all this without the cash of the British taxpayer having been shed on costly toys. It starts to learn. Germany has evidently started to unlearn.

"Should Girls Marry Before 25?" asks a contemporary. The reply, of course, depends upon the girl, and perhaps, in a sort of a way, on the boy. Miss Sutton avers that women under 25 are "not sufficiently matured"—which is a dark saying. She adds that the girl under 25 "does not know her own mind"—which is darker still, but may have some truth in it. Thirdly and lastly, and most dark of all her sayings, Miss Sutton submits that until she is over 25 a woman "has not had enough experiences." This last assertion provokes thought. It may recall to wicked minds Mr. Arthur Ro'berts's question about the young lady who astonished him by admitting that she had reached her twentieth year without being "run over." One experience Miss Sutton has had—she has been photoed for the ha'penny papers. We trust the picture does not flatter her. If it does, we shall refuse to accept Miss Sutton as an authority on these very delicate matters.

We observed the other day in a Manchester journal the startling rubric, "John Bull's Hump." Knowing that we never have the hump, we were a little curious. Reading on, we discovered that the pother concerned the *New York World* and its comments on Lord Curzon's suggestion that the modern Briton is in danger of "becoming too humble." The Yankee paper thinks otherwise. But we are sure Lord Curzon was right. After all, England (which includes Scotland, Wales and Ireland for all practical purposes) is the finest country on earth, taking it all round; and the Englishman, on the average, is the finest of men. Of late, we have allowed a few individuals to give foreigners the impression that we have begun to doubt both these facts. It is time we corrected the misimpression.

That is a strange case of the schoolmistress at Chatham, who has left a situation worth £150 a year, rather than agree to forego the pleasure of keeping two bunny rabbits, some white rats and mice, and several frogs in the schoolroom. A fussy medical person says this school menagerie was "insanitary," although it was admittedly clean. We wonder how the schoolroom compared with some of the homes of the children who made pets of the rabbits. By the fuss that is being made, one might imagine there was a polecat in the lady's charge instead of only a young rabbit or two.

Mr. Harry Tate is as original in his private as in his public activities. He has been taking a holiday on the canal link between London and Liverpool. It is not at all a bad way of spending a week or two—if one likes that sort of thing. Anyway, the patronage of our canals by a popular music-hall artiste may tend to remind the country that these canals still exist. Royal Commissions and other small things have tried to get us to understand this; where they have failed, a popular mummer may succeed. At present our canals are wasted; one day we hope to see them used.

Will the Home Secretary be good enough to notice the iniquitous sentence passed by Mr. T. W. Lewis, the Cardiff Stipendiary, on a tramcar conductor named Jones? The facts of the case are simple. The conductor gave a ticket to a passenger without punching it in his presence, handing it to him, through the door, already punched. As this fact aroused the passenger's suspicions, he communicated with the tramway manager. The conductor was thereupon prosecuted by the Town Clerk for stealing one penny, the money of the Cardiff Corporation. At the Police Court the Tramway inquiry officer gave evidence to the effect that the figure "4" had been altered on the waybill to "6." "He assumed from defendant's statements that he was upset over domestic troubles." The answer of the conductor was that he had made a *bona-fide* mistake under the pressing conditions of service; in regard to the alteration of the figures, he had to rely on his memory, and it had simply played him false. He had been in the service of the Corporation for seven years. Many witnesses testified to his high character. "Passing sentence of six weeks' imprisonment with hard labour," says a local newspaper, "his worship expressed the hope that the sentence would serve as a warning to others in a similar position that if they were discovered cheating their employers—more especially a public body—they were liable to heavy punishment."

What we have to say about this astounding and disgraceful sentence is that it is not justice, but ferocity. In the first place, it seems improbable that a man with seven years' service would violate his conscience, destroy his character, and risk his job by defrauding his employers of a penny. In the second place, everybody who travels on a tramcar knows that the punching, examining, and recording of the thousands of tickets issued by them amid interruptions, stoppages, and running up and down steps for many hours of the day may easily lead the conductor to make errors on the waybill. We have time and time again seen conductors interrupted in their calculations by people who want to get off, people who want to get on, and people who want to talk to them—the consequence being that almost as soon as they have put down a number they have had to rub it out again. Rubbing out, indeed, is quite common among tram conductors everywhere. In the third place, if it were proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that this conductor did defraud the Corporation to the extent of that penny, is there any just man, any sane man, any merciful man, *pace* this Cardiff stipendiary, who will say that six weeks' hard labour is a punishment befitting the crime? If the conductor had stolen the whole of the day's takings, tramcar and fittings included, he would hardly have got more. The conviction may or may not be a miscarriage of justice, but certainly the sentence is a magisterial outrage of which the Home Secretary ought to mark his disapproval by freeing the man at the earliest possible moment.

By the way, we have it on the authority of a Cardiff correspondent that this tram conductor "has been known to pick up a half-sovereign in the car, when it was empty, and take it to the office and hand it to the Lost Property Department." He adds, "I have an Inspector's evidence of this."

Are the lawyers and litigants of Spalding asleep in August, or, if not, what is the matter with the County-court business in those parts? There was an August sitting the other day. That is to say, the Judge arrived at 1.10 in the afternoon, and immediately commenced to sit. He heard one complete case, got hungry, and adjourned for food at 2.15. By 3.15 he had finished, and started to sit once more, finished off a case, started another one, got tired of sitting when half-way through, and rose at 5.30, leaving that and several other cases adjourned until October, when we assume he will resume business like a giant refreshed. The salary of the County-court judge of Lincolnshire, Circuit 17, is £1,500 per annum, and "Whittaker" gives his Honour's name as Sir George Sherston Baker, Bart. To the Baker, the biscuit.

During the recent training of the 4th Battalion Royal Sussex Territorials the men's canteen was closed, with the exception of ginger-beer, until dinner, served out at 4.45 in the afternoon. The officers, when approached by a deputation, explained that the object was to keep the men in condition, which was a thoughtful way of looking at things. But the peculiarity was that the officers themselves had no sooner arrived in camp than, in full view of the men, they proceeded to assuage their thirst, not with aerated waters, but with Scotch, Irish, and other stimulating beverages. Now, if this sort of thing was good for the officers, why was it bad for the men? An early answer will oblige.

That must be a pretty hard-shell firm of employers who recently dismissed a member of the Territorial force "in consequence of his having attended for his one day training on a Saturday." There is about this an element of vindictive inconsiderateness which the War Office, in the interests of the nation, ought not to allow to pass unchallenged, so that we were glad to hear Mr. Haldane's announcement in the House that he has punished the firm in question by striking them off the list of War Office contractors. Which will, perhaps, convince them that one strike is more than equal to a lock-out.

Being a man with a mission, and the courage of it, we doubt whether the Rev. E. G. Maxted, vicar of Tilty, in Essex, is yet convinced that they don't want preachers of Socialism in Dunmow, where the flitches come from. Many a time and oft has he faced the wrath and scorn. But the other evening the angry populace swept him off his platform as with a broom, and when he had regained it by valour worthy of a more glorious cause, they cast at him the foreign yolk—stale, perfumed and unprofitable. Then they wanted to put his head under the pump, or throw him in the duck-pond, but the police appeared. On their advice our reverend brother allowed himself to be escorted under guard to his Tilty vicarage, four miles distant. It is pleasant to see a good man struggling against adversity; but something tells us that if he again appears in Dunmow he will get wet.

The Home Secretary, having informed the Eastbourne Watch Committee that the recent tea given by the licensed victuallers to the police after a charity football match is "open to very serious objection," the Chief Constable has been instructed that "similar entertainments in future must not be permitted." In these days publicans seem born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward. They are not only mulcted, but insulted.

After the boys the girls. "Steps are being taken" to form an organisation of Girl Scouts. Among other things, they will wear soft scarlet biret hats, navy blue blouses with two military patch pockets, coloured scarves, belts, haversacks, staves, and mess tins. Now we know what to do with our girls—make idiots of them.

As a nation, we are growing more temperate, or more teetotal if you like—and madder. In twelve months the figures show an increase of over three per cent. in criminal lunacy. Pauper lunacy also is growing. Although the better system of registration and stricter inspection no doubt account for much of the "increase," a growth of 250 per cent. in our lunacy list in fifty years, whilst the population has only doubled, is not a pleasing fact. Logicians could prove that in a very few years, at this rate, half of us would be dotty and the rest raving. It is curious, by the way, how lunacy seems to run in certain trades. Someone ought to take up the problem of occupational and local lunacy. For example, ironworkers, engineers of one sort or another, and costermongers also, are very liable to go off. Clergymen, it is significant to note, seldom go mad, and doctors are low down on the list. The chances of writing men in this, as in all else, are fair to middling.

There is just one thing in the evidence of Mr. George Alexander before the Stage Plays Committee with which we can agree. It is that until recently hardly anybody knew that there was such a human creature alive and kicking in this country as a Censor. But for the fact that he prohibited "The Mikado," probably not one person in ten thousand would have heard of him. Not that this makes the gentleman the more tolerable. We suppose that even in Russia the bulk of the population have no knowledge of the Censor or his works. The home journalists and authors and playwrights adapt their ideas to his for safety, and without being conscious of it, the public are allowed to have just what suits the censorship; that and nothing more. A "Censor of *Plays*" in Great Britain, in the twentieth century! Where is the John Bull League?

If a law is bad, we are always happy to see persons who are charged under it escape punishment, especially when by so doing they show up its absurdity. The old question of what is and is not a "place" has been perturbing the Birmingham Bench. The police brought up Joseph Day for betting up a court, and the defence was that the court was not a street within the Act. The magistrate went and looked at it; and he let Day off, as a result. The bets, it seems, were taken "on a path leading from the street to a small opening in the side of the street up to Day's house. There was one house alongside and at the back a pen for a few pigeons." Our readers should memorise the description, and when next they want to bet should remember that what is sin in the open becomes right in the shadow of your own vine and fig-tree, or your pigeon-cot. Which shows what a wonderful thing morality by Act of Parliament is.

A Trust, or anything like a Trust, has to prove its public utility, and do it very clearly, before it can hope to win recognition as anything but a wage-cutting and price-raising combination. Therefore we shall receive, with caution the assurance that the new music-hall combine will "act judiciously and judicially." On the other hand, we shall not curse it out of hand because the Variety Artistes' Federation does not like the look of it. Something of the kind was inevitable. The boom has been over-run. Too many music-halls have been too expensively built, and generally over-capitalised. Rates and taxes are going up, salaries have been going up; in fact, most things, not always excepting directors' remuneration, have been going up. Business is slack. Something, therefore, has to come down.

We have reason to believe that the Northcliffe papers intend to inaugurate an act of Canadian Boom this autumn. We are, therefore, arranging to send a special Commissioner to the Dominion—in order that the public may hear the other—and, as we think, the more correct—side of the story.

It is respectfully requested that the policemen of Crewe will discriminate. Some few days since, a police constable of that town summoned a pretty girl for riding her bicycle without a light. The duty done, the rebuke followed, for the superintendent who appeared in Court said he was surprised that such a smart-looking young officer should have summoned such a charming young lady, and he added that he did not press for a conviction. The heart of the Chairman of the bench was evidently touched. Dismissing the case, he said the taking out of the summons did not say much for the constable's gallantry. The young lady will now reflect how desirable a thing it is to be beautiful. If her nose had been an inch longer and her mouth an inch wider, and she had not known how to do her hair, she would have been in for trouble.

More refinement of torture! A new terror has been added to the workhouse. The Coventry Guardians have accepted the offer of the local branch of the Salvation Army to give three recitals to the inmates. Fancy being played to at close quarters not once, but thrice, by a Salvation Army band! If other Boards of Guardians follow the example of Coventry, the agitation to "abolish the Poor Law" will go with a swish. We remember reading somewhere that Coventry, up to about a hundred years ago, used to whip through the streets such of its citizens as it disapproved. What price the Board of Guardians?

As our readers are aware, the quality of mercy is not strained; it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes. And so on. We think we are justified in mentioning it in the circumstances. Truth is, and blessed be his name, the Hon. John de Grey, Stipendiary of the South-Western Police Court in London, sat in judgment recently on a brutal scoundrel named Buck. Requiring some home employment, Buck broke his wife's jaw, smashed her nose, cut her mouth, loosened her teeth, blackened her eye, bruised her arms, and knocked off the skin in several places about her body. Up to a point something short of actual murder, it appears that the more you ill-treat your wife the better she loves you. At any rate, Mrs. Buck, called upon to give evidence, averred that her husband "simply pushed her with his foot" and that he "was a good man as a rule." But the police surgeon who examined her immediately after the assault fully described her injuries, and related what she had told him as to the cause of the same. Having told the woman to stand down because he "was afraid she was speaking falsely," the stipendiary in addressing Mr. Buck took up the good wife's parable. "I am sure you are a good sort of chap as a rule," he said. "I will fine you 20s.—I must do that—or seven days' imprisonment." If Mr. Buck had understood the amenities of the occasion he would have remarked before departing that the stipendiary was the nicest, kindest gentleman he had ever had the pleasure of meeting. As it is it is rumoured that the wife-beaters of the district are organising a testimonial to Mr. de Grey as a mark of appreciation of his efforts to encourage home athletics.

Redcar ratepayers rubbed their eyes on reading in their local paper that at a meeting of the Urban Council it had been decided to send a deputation to visit various other watering-places with the object of reporting on the correct type of wet-weather shelters to be put up in Redcar. Albeit that it is getting rather late in the season, we trust that the weather will be propitious, and that the deputation will unanimously enjoy itself, carefully placing the expenses to ratepayers' account, and not stinting same. As it goes on business, we assume it will not take its wives and families with it! Although the ladies could give valuable hints on the dress and hat aspect of the matier.

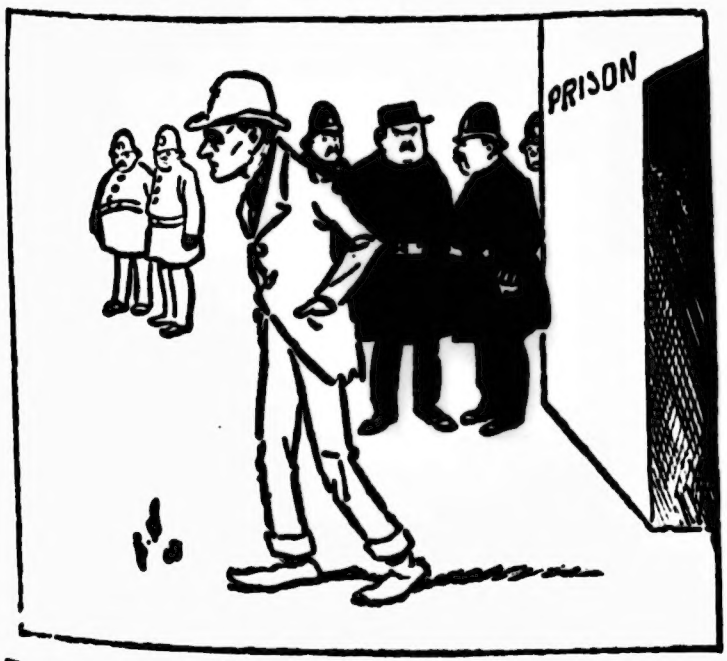
It all comes back to us like a dream. About fifty years ago, if our memory does us credit, a Whisky Commission started gallivanting round the country, sampling all the pot-stills and patent-stills, English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh, which happened to be about. They then returned to a room in Westminster, heard witnesses, and sampled more whisky, with brandy from the vine and other things, to avoid monotony. Twenty-five years afterwards—again we speak from memory—the Commissioners issued an interim report stating that they hadn't anything to report worth reporting. Then the whole crowd turned over in bed and went right off to sleep. A morning or two since, however, they woke up and issued another report, this time stating that whisky was pot-still, patent-still, or any other the public liked, and was willing to pay for. At last, therefore, they have settled the momentous question, "What is whisky?" It is whisky. Now we all know. Here's to 'em!

Hard on what we had to say last week about his Grace the Duke of Northumberland in respect of his action in prosecuting two Amble men for fishing at low water-mark in Warkworth Harbour, "which the Duke claimed as his private fishery," comes the news that a Budget Protest meeting, advertised by the local Conservative Association to be held at Alnwick, within the sphere of his Grace's beneficent influence, has been abandoned. Evidently no one dare shout for the poor dukes who are to be driven into the workhouses by the land clauses of the Budget for fear the audience should take his Grace's name in vain. We have much to quarrel with on some aspects of the Budget, as our readers know; but the shrieking of the Peerage as to the land clauses taxation has been worth thousands of votes to the Government. "Up with your 'dukes,'" said a street-corner spouter, the other night, "and down with theirs!"

THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT."

A rather stuck-up Englishman was being shown round New York, and, among other places, was taken to the Natural History Museum. Various birds were pointed out to him, and presently his friend said to him, "That is a woodcock." Putting his glass in his eye, he examined it attentively, and said, "That is not my idea of a woodcock." "No," drawled the Yankee, "perhaps not—but it's God's."

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE HAS ITS EYE ON—



THE HOPELESS EX-PRISONER AND THE RELENTLESS VIGILANCE THAT PURSUES HIM AFTER HIS CRIME IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN EXPIATED.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

NOTICE.—No more biscuits for births, deaths, or marriages, which creep into the wrong column. Much too gruesome to be funny!

WARNING.—Biscuits are uncompromisingly denied to papers alluding to "old women of both sexes." There are so many of them.

For advertising "ANNUAL Half-yearly Sale,"
GEORGE TAPLIN AND CO. (of Finsbury Park)
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that a "LEAD PIPE, worth £4, from 57, Ryfoldon's Road, Wimbledon, was accused of being drunk whilst in charge of a horse and cart,"
THE WIMBLEDON AND DISTRICT GAZETTE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "The King" was heartily DRUNK,
THE BROMSGROVE MESSENGER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

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*For stating that Mr. Joynson-Hicks "*BORROWED *a voice lozenge from a friend,"*
THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that Mrs. Lewis "was suffering from BLACK EYES *and bruises nearly all over her body,"*
THE PEOPLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in the "Daily Mail," "I cannot forget that my grandmother and my mother-in-law were both married at eighteen—one being TWENTY-TWO, *the other* TWENTY-ONE,"
JOHN STRANGE WINTER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing "Marriage of Mr. Charles Tennyson to Mr. Birrell's STEPSON,"
THE BOSTON GUARDIAN AND LINCOLNSHIRE INDEPENDENT
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Admiral Togo III. was EATEN *by Regent at Bibury,"*
THE STAR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in an advertisement of Bile Beans, "I could carry with ease a sack of flour [280lbs.] UNDER EACH ARM,"
MR. J. HATTON
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing that an enlarged plate is GIVEN *away with one of his issues, and then charging double the usual price for his paper,*
THE EDITOR OF *THE SUNDAY CIRCLE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the maximum pension will be REDUCED *from one-third the retiring salary to one-half,"*
THE CIVIL SERVICE OBSERVER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that Wellman's "guide-rope was of great girth and packed with PROVISIONS,"
THE DAILY MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that a bride had "a long-trained skirt tied in a large KNOT *at the right side,"*
THE DAILY CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "when the Civil Judge happens to be in Lancashire he will take summonses IN LONDON,"
THE MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the Tsar of Russia DISLIKES SPORT, *but is very fond of* ROWING,"
ANSWERS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

THE SUICIDE OF A GREAT GOVERNMENT.—IV

By HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

(Mr. Bottomley summarises the causes which have lost the Government the confidence of the Ordinary Man, sets him against its popular achievements, and suggests a method of resuscitation.)

Let me now summarise the mischief which, from a Party point of view, the Government has inflicted upon itself during these past few years.

By its admissions and policy in connection with "Chinese slavery," it has shaken the faith of the ordinary man in the sincerity of election cries.

By its "Education" policy it has disgusted the ordinary man with the eternal sectarian strife between Church and Chapel, and has made the former body more bitter than ever.

By its "Temperance" policy it has further irritated the Licensed Trade—one of the strongest electoral forces in the country—and has, incidentally, alienated the support of what has hitherto been a counteracting influence—the Working Men's Clubs. It has also exasperated the non-teetotal working man.

By its Gambling and Betting legislation it has flouted the working man, who claims an equal right with the West End sportsman to indulge in the excitement of an occasional bet on horse-racing. And by its avowed policy towards Racing generally it has aroused the active opposition of a determined and powerful section of the community.

By its Naval timidity and procrastination it has displeased the typical Britisher, who, in his heart, puts "Rule, Britannia," even before "God Save the King."

By its attitude towards the House of Lords it has made the ordinary man suspicious of a policy of "bluff."

By its Children Bill, it has turned many thousand prospective voters into active hostile canvassers, and has raised the ire of parents throughout the land.

By its Shops Bill, it has added most of the small shopkeepers the street-traders, and thousands of poor families to its declared opponents.

And, finally, by its general policy of parental government, it has estranged the men and women of independent and self-reliant character.

Now these things constitute a heavy handicap. Can they be counteracted? Is there yet time before the day of reckoning arrives to undo the mischief? Let us first look at the other side of the picture, and see what there is to be placed to credit as against the heavy debit I have indicated. For in politics, as in book-keeping, every debit should have a credit. So we will examine the accounts and then strike a balance-sheet.

In National Finance, the Government has accomplished a great record in the reduction of debt. We have got back to the level of twenty years ago, notwithstanding the South African War. That is a big thing to have done *from the point of view of abstract statesmanship.* But does the ordinary man trouble himself much about the National Debt? Not a bit of it! Just as the Tariff Reformer says, "Let the Foreigner pay," the ordinary man says, "Let Posterity pay." After all, he thinks, we are doing a lot for posterity, and it is only fair that posterity should bear some of the expense. So that, sound and praiseworthy as the action of the Government has been, it will get little credit at the polls.

The Government will go down in history for all time as the founder of Old Age Pensions. And here many a blessing will be bestowed upon it by grateful old people for the succour which has come to them, as by a fairy hand, in their last years, at the instance of a Liberal Government. And many and many a young man and woman, quite apart from the financial relief which the Act has brought, will ever bless the man who was bold enough to say that Great Britain was able to offer its aged citizens something better than a pauper's cubicle in the evening of their lives. I know it will be said—and justly said—that the gift was made without any accompanying provision for paying the bill; but this won't weigh with the six hundred and fifty thousand veterans, and their grateful families, who now enjoy the working of the Pensions Act. They remember the Government in their prayers—and they will not forget it at the polls. Here, then, is one big credit to he placed to the account.

The Criminal Appeal Act is another. Rest assured that every man and every member of the family, and every friend of every man, or woman, who has been released from wrongful conviction, or from personal peril, by the Court of Criminal Appeal, will be a big factor of strength when the Government says, "Will you send us back to power?"

The amendment of the Workmen's Compensation Act and the Trades Disputes Act will also bring the Trades Unions into line—although many a man of middle age and over, who has been thrown out of work because of the risk of accident, will be a counteracting factor.

The new Companies Act—not understood by the general public—was also a big work, notwithstanding that it was rushed through the House without adequate discussion. But it is of great service to investors.

The pacification of South Africa will not do much good from an electoral standpoint.

Afforestation, and Motor Roads, and Agricultural Experiments—excellent things in themselves—will not win many votes, at any rate at this early stage.

Unemployment and Invalidity Insurance will arouse no enthusiasm if the working classes are to be called upon to contribute towards its cost.

And so I could go on. But I want to come to the point. How is the Liberal Party to be saved? I look at the matter from a Party standpoint, and I shall speak with cynical frankness.

Socialism is in the air. We are a country, on the one hand groaning with wealth, and, on the other, reeking with poverty. But there are three fundamental features of our national character which any Government desirous of holding office must always bear in mind. We are a martial race, an independent race, and a commercial race. There is a secondary characteristic which it is vital to remember. We are a lethargic race. Long years of prosperity have spoilt us. We want, and we mean, to boss the show, but we do not want to be bothered. Now, these facts point to three lessons. We must have—

(1) An Imperial Policy, with an invulnerable Navy and an efficient Army;

(2) A Domestic Policy of non-interference with the liberties and natural habits of the people.

I have already dealt with the record of the Government under these two heads, and I am afraid it is too late now to alter what has been done. But I come to the third and principal point—the one upon which the fate of the Liberal Party will turn. Socialism means Loot, and Loot is always popular with the troops. As I have said, we are a commercial people. It's money we want. Money will cure poverty; it will demolish the slums and put healthy homes in their place; it will check the growth of unemployment by providing new channels of profitable work; it will do everything that matters in this life. And this life is what Parliaments are elected to legislate for. Well, now, is there any Loot about—of course, I mean Legal Loot (never mind the etymology of the word). In politics etymology is like economics—it doesn't count. Where is the Loot? It is in two places, and two only—the Land and the Banks. It consists of a mixture of two ingredients:—

(1) Communal accretion of Land Value.

(2) Unclaimed money and securities in Banks.

It will be noticed that I avoid the phrase "unearned increment." It is a silly phrase. I speak only of the communal contribution to the value of land. Land is the trump card. You see, so few people have any—and yet every living being, from the cradle to the coffin, is ever, at every breath he inhales—and even when he exhales the last one—contributing toll to the Land. There is no personal aspect of the matter. It is not the Landlord, but the LAND. Leave every landlord with what he has at present, but *in future* let us have back just a little bit of what we, and we alone, add to his monopoly value. It is a winning card—properly played.

Then the Banks. Oh, those Banks! How they have "spoofed" the Chancellor! But that is not the point. Almost everybody believes he is entitled to something—and that is the state of mind in which he will vote for you.

POLICE AND PERJURY.

(In which it is shown how the police falsely accused a respectable citizen of keeping a brothel, and a magistrate upheld they had made—a mistake.)

We have never been among those who indulge in ready abuse of the police. Their duties are onerous and responsible in a high degree, and, as a rule, they are equal to them. But, like the rest of us, they are not infallible, and we are bound to say that of late some of their body have made very grievous blunders. Last week we referred to the case of an artisan, whose character is spoken to by his employers in a letter we publish in another column. Our readers will remember the facts—the wife's fainting fit; the fall upon the kerbstone; concussion of the brain mistaken by the police for drunkenness; death; the husband charged, too, with being drunk though perfectly sober; torn from his unconscious wife; refused a doctor; and convicted next morning upon the evidence of the police constables who arrested him, and did not hesitate to swear what the slightest reflection must have satisfied them was untrue. A most disturbing case. And now we have another extraordinary case of police—mistake, that of Mr. Percy Baldwin Smith, assistant secretary of the Law, Car and General Assurance Society, charged before Mr. Denman at Marylebone with keeping a brothel.

Mr. Smith was recently married, and took a house at 112, Clifton Hill, St. John's Wood. It was as recently as the beginning of July that he took up his residence there, his household consisting of himself, his young wife, his mother, and a man-servant, an Italian named Cortellini. At 10.30 p.m., on Thursday, August 12th, the family having retired to bed, and the house being in darkness, they were suddenly aroused by a loud knocking at the door by persons who turned out to be four constables in plain clothes, who had a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Smith and his servant, Mr. Smith being charged with keeping a brothel and Cortellini with assisting in its management. We take the following from the information upon which the warrant was issued, this information being laid by Police-Sergeant Crothall:—

> In company with Police-Constable Francis Cleave, 906 S Division, I kept observation on premises No. 112, Clifton Hill, St. John's Wood, on the 23rd to the 30th days of July, 1909, both dates inclusive, but excepting 29th July, 1909. The house is a private one consisting of four floors, and is occupied by the said Percy Baldwin Smith.
>
> During the period of observation twenty-two couples were seen to enter the premises; four well-known prostitutes frequenting Oxford Street and Piccadilly were seen to use the premises. One of these prostitutes resides on the premises. On two occasions the couples were admitted by the said Percy Baldwin Smith, on ten occasions they were admitted by the said man-servant, whose name is unknown, and four couples admitted themselves by key; the remaining six persons were admitted by a person who could not be seen.

It will be noted that the police-sergeant swears in detail as to the people visiting the house, swears that there were twenty-two couples of them, that some were let in by Mr. Smith, some by the servant, and some by an invisible person. The whole statement was a tissue of lies. Let us give a single example. We will put in parallel columns what Sergeant Crothall swore happened upon July 29th, and the facts, the letter "B" being intended to indicate the prostitute:—

Sergt. Crothall at the Police Court:	*The Facts:*
"B" left premises at 9 p.m., returned with a man at 11.40. Admitted herself by key. Again left at 12.55. Baldwin Smith entered at 8.50 p.m., and left at 9.40 p.m. Entered again 10.10 p.m.	Mr. Smith arrived home at 8.10 p.m. The two young daughters of his father-in-law, the Managing Director of the Law, Car and General Insurance Company, aged 14 and 16 respectively, arrived immediately afterwards, and remained for dinner. The two young girls returned home at 10.50 p.m., accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Smith, who, having seen their charges in safety, returned home immediately, letting themselves in by key.

It appears that the Marylebone Borough Council were moved to action by a letter from a Mr. A. P. Nicholson, who describes himself as a Parliamentary journalist. Mr. Nicholson appears to be one of those trying people who are fond of prying into their neighbour's affairs, and persuade themselves that they see a good deal more than ever takes place.

Below we give his own statement at the police court, as reported by *The Times*:—

> Mr. Arthur Pole Nicholson, a journalist, living at Clifton Hill, the next door but one to 112, said that he usually left home in the afternoon and returned between 12 and 1, or sometimes later. New tenants came into 112 at the beginning of July. He noticed that very little furniture was taken into the house. There were lights in the house late at night when he returned, and in the daytime the blinds were down. Several times he saw a man leave the house about 12.30, and on several occasions taxicabs and hansoms were driven up in the evening. He saw a motor car drive up very often. On July 16 he wrote to the Superintendent of Police at St. John's Wood, drawing attention to the matter. After the arrest Mr. Fowler called upon him, and as a result of the interview with Mr. Fowler he was much impressed and came to the conclusion that Mr. Smith was an innocent man. He now believed that Mr. Fowler was the gentleman he saw leaving the house.

And so, because Mr. Nicholson thought there was but little furniture in the house, saw lights there at night, and a man leave the house on several occasions in taxicabs and hansoms, he jumped to the conclusion that the place was a brothel, and called upon the Borough Council to take action. The Council, not troubling to make independent inquiry, request the police to deal with the matter, and the police, nothing loath, seems to have thought it quite in the natural order of things that a young man just married, and in a very respectable position in the City, should keep a brothel, and have for one of his customers his father-in-law, the managing director of a great insurance company, of which Sir Henry Cotton, M.P., of all men in the world, is chairman!

When he found what a fool he had made of himself, Mr. Nicholson did the proper thing, *i.e.*, he went to the Police Court and told the magistrate that he was quite convinced that the person he had referred to in his communication to the Borough Council as being constantly at the house for improper purposes, and whose visits persuaded him that the place was a brothel, was, in fact, Mr. Smith's father-in-law!

The case came on for hearing before Mr. Denman on August 13th and 20th, when the police swore to the truth of the information. On the third hearing some of the witnesses for the defence went into the box, foremost amongst them being the man who was the author of all the mischief. The conclusion of the case was that the prosecution withdrew the charge, and the magistrate granted £10 10s. costs against the Council.

So ends for the moment this extraordinary case. A shorthand note of the whole proceedings will be forwarded to the Commissioner of Police and the Public Prosecutor, and we hope Mr. Smith will take the steps that suggest themselves against the Marylebone Borough Council.

And now for one or two remarks upon the way in which the magistrate, Mr. Denman, has acted in the matter. We should have thought that any magistrate, upon finding that a respectable citizen had been visited by the police at dead of night; that he had been arrested upon a warrant charging him with a most disgraceful offence; that he had been taken to a police station and kept in a cell all night, and that there was not a shred or shadow of justification for the charges made against this gentleman by the police, would have strongly condemned their action. Instead, Mr. Denman only permitted himself to suggest to the prosecuting solicitor, that inasmuch as the evidence for the prosecution had absolutely broken down, he should abandon the case. Then, when that gentleman, seeing its hopelessness, acquiesced, Mr. Denman observed that "the case was a very peculiar one." Well, "peculiar" is not the word we should use in this connection. We cannot see a shred of excuse for the action of the police, and we venture to hope that Mr. Gladstone, who is always anxious to right wrong when it is committed, and the wrong brought home, will look into this case for himself, and, having satisfied himself of the facts, will see to it that very severe punishment is meted out to the men who were responsible for the perjured evidence upon which Mr. Smith was arrested and subjected to the ignominy of being charged in a police court with offences which, if proved, would have classed him amongst the most odious of mankind.

MEN.

By Mrs. Crow.

[Mrs. Crow's name having recently been taken in vain, we think it only fair to let her have her say, though she seems to be almost as great a crank as her husband, and—as in his case—we can accept no responsibility for her opinions or her life.]

The best I can say for men is that there are not many like my husband. Of all the lazy, greedy, good-for-nothing dogs. . . . But I suppose I must not tell tales out of school. School! Yes, that is the word which most aptly describes the life of a married woman. She can never do anything right. If the dinner is badly cooked, it is not the cook's fault. Oh! dear no. It is the wife's. Instead of exclaiming: "Curse that slut, she's spoiled the fish again," Jim will roll a bloodshot eye and murmur: "Really, dear, you are not very successful with your servants, are you? Why does everybody have a good cook except ourselves? I think we had better give up housekeeping and live in an hotel." And it isn't as though he did anything to keep the servants in order. Whenever he talks to them, he flatters them, and they little suspect the horrid oaths he uses behind their backs. The result is that they regard me as a monster and him as an angel of light. He won't even bother about the gardeners, and I am sure gardeners expect to take their orders from a man.

Uselessness.

I have often wondered what is the use of a husband. Very often I don't see Jim all day, and then he will go to sleep in his chair after dinner. He never troubles to talk when we are alone together. So, you see, he is not much of a companion. He doesn't care for any of my friends, and invariably has a pressing engagement away from home if I ask them to lunch. On the other hand, whenever he meets boon companions or fluffy females degraded enough to laugh at his hollow jokes, he invites them home, and I am expected to entertain them, often without a word of warning. A husband is bad enough, but a husband's friends are the very devil. They exaggerate all his bad points, and seem to take a perverse pleasure in leading him into mischief. You see, they don't have to bear the heat and burden of the day in the form of an impoverished home and bad temper and unpopularity, etcetera, etcetera.

Roughness.

I am not one of those she-asses who perpetually crack up old times in order to run down the present day. There may have been more colour, but most of it was bloodshed; there may have been more magnificence, but the poor certainly had a worse time; on the other hand, there may have been better manners, for there certainly cannot have been worse ones than those now in vogue among men. It is not merely that punctilio has died out, that men don't get up when a lady enters a room, that there is less ceremonial conduct and processional tomfoolery. That kind of thing is, after all, only the cup and the platter of manners. What I complain of is the entire disappearance of deference. Men talk loudly in our presence, curse, smoke, leer, reek of whisky, render themselves offensive in a thousand ways. There is no longer an atmosphere of slow music and stained glass windows and frankincense when we appear. No doubt bell-ringing, window-breaking suffragettes are largely responsible for the change, but I still maintain that men ought to be great and magnanimous enough to refrain from punishing us all for the sins of a few.

Ugliness.

Men have lost their politeness, or at least their polish, and it seems to me that this spiritual degeneracy is accompanied by physical deterioration. What ugly brutes they are for the most part. No doubt this is largely due to their repulsive taste in clothes, which are hideously misshapen and either drab or garish. Look at their hats, too. They jeer at ours, but surely our most monstrous edifices of birds and furs are graceful compared with the ungainly topper. Think also of the many shudders inspired by the habit of allowing horrid hairs to luxuriate over the faces of men, causing them to resemble their ancestors, the baboons. Fancy having to kiss moss-grown cheeks or come into contact with gravy-laden mustachios and egg-stained beards. (Steward!) Many also, I am told, have hairy bodies, which cannot be precisely appetising. Mrs. Disraeli used to say to her husband's admirers: "Ah! but you should see my Dizzy in his bath." Well, I have seen my Jim Crow in his bath, and that is quite enough for me.

Helplessness.

In theory, men are the guardians and directors of the home. But what sort of home would they have if left to themselves? Have you ever noticed the kind of existence which is to be found in bachelor households? The decorations are about as ugly as the costumes of the host. The servants are disorganised, and take every mean advantage of their master's helplessness. He pays through the nose and fares anything but sumptuously. By the way, men think they have finer palates and they pretend a preference for cooks of their own sex. But few of them can order a dinner, even at a restaurant, where the ordering is almost automatic. When they choose a wine, they are usually guided by the price. As for tea, they will drink Indian muck and sniff at Lapsang.

Animalism.

In their amorous propensities, they are no less bewildering and bewildered. Any woman who flatters them is sure of success, however old and withered and gilded and vulgar she may be. Otherwise there would be no accounting for the vogue of oily, self-abased minxes, who have no idea of their own importance. And the animal attractions of a female are far more potent than culture or grace or wit. This explains the success of painted chorus-girls with no interest in life beyond suppers and jewels, no topic of conversation except their legs and amatory adventures. In their love-affairs, men seem to be dominated either by goat-like desires or by brutal selfishness. As I read in a charming novel, modern men are only attentive to those women whom it is impossible for them to marry. This accounts for their running after other people's wives. What immoral creatures they are, when you come to think of it! They know as much about love as a dog or a pig.

Meanness.

And what curmudgeons in the matter of money! They will profess undying devotion, offer to sell their souls (for what they are worth), propose to go through fire and water. But if you asked them to run away with you, they would remember wives and brats, pretend a tender interest in your future welfare, murmur noxious notions about honour. If you asked them for a tiara, or even for a five-pound note, you would probably be sent empty away—like the rich in the Scriptures.

Summary.

In fine, men are fools and rogues, rips and Josephs, liars and babes, hermits and vagabonds, peacocks and black sheep, Jews and infidels, niggards and spendthrifts. If I had a son, I should feed him on gin to keep him forever small.

A Scene on Margate Sands.

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"THE ENGLISH CHURCH PAGEANT."

With reference to our remark about the boys of the London College for Choristers not having been paid for their services at the Pageant, we have received the following letter from Mr. James Bates:—

> My attention has been called to your article on the English Church Pageant, in which a statement is made with respect to some boys of this college who assisted in the Pageant Choir. I am happy to be able to inform you that the boys were paid a fortnight ago. It is only fair to the Committee that I should state that the boys received the utmost kindness and consideration from everyone connected with the Pageant, and they look back upon their experience with much pleasure.
>
> I appreciate your reference to my choristers, and am extremely sorry to learn from your article that the financial result of the Pageant was so unsatisfactory.

We are glad to learn that although very late in the day, the persons responsible for the expenditure upon the Pageant have now paid the choir boys.

"BOTTOMLEY'S BOOK."

(How it saved a reader and gave him fresh hope.)

The following is an interesting tribute to the value of "Bottomley's Book"—now almost out of print:—

> For the last three months I have been broken in health (nervous collapse) and spirits, and all my pluck gone owing to business reverses and deaths of friends; in fact, about the middle of last week it was touch and go as to whether I had an "accident" cleaning a rifle or something like that. (I ought to say, parenthetically, that I am thirty-one, and that the last six months have been full of a thousand different sorts of Hell.) Last week I bought your shilling book, and I would like to tell you that it has put a different construction on matters for me; and I have now begun to realize things differently. If you have been able to fight down your appalling troubles, I ought to be able to fight mine, and I would like to say that if it has done no more than put a bit of heart and pluck into one business man, its publication would have been justified. Every business man ought to read it to buck him up when he needs it.

A BLASPHEMY AGAINST THE CARDINAL POINTS.

By Brette Morgan.

(A powerful story, recalling a famous murder mystery of a year ago.)

Somewhere about January 27th next, a man will walk into Bow Street Police Station and give himself into custody as the perpetrator of a murder. At least, he will admit having deliberately taken the life of a human being. The police will be very surprised, and will take infinite pains to verify the details of the man's confession; in course of time the wretch will be properly blotted from the face of things and be no more. A certain case will be removed from the category of unsolved mysteries. A smirched memory will be tardily, if effectually, cleansed from the stains of lying accusations, and the forgotten dead will remain forgotten.

Of how these things shall be, two only know. I am one—I, a nobody, an obscure sort of nothing in the City; a pale existence on thirty shillings a week, unable to afford the sorriest vice save that of thinking. The other—I do not know who he is; truly, I have spoken with him, and it is possible that I could, if I so desired, lay hands on him within the space of time required to perform a journey of a few thousand miles by sea, and doubtless a space by land travel. But I do not intend to do this. The man will come back. He said it—said it when I let him go.

Now I wish it plainly understood that I am writing because the secret is a source of trouble to me. Not guilty trouble. Merely to rid my mind of unnecessary matter. Having written, I shall forget. I will concede a certain amount of disguise in my account, and if these matters are ever published, the readers are at liberty to form their own or no conclusions.

Let me briefly recall the particulars in possession of the general public, and incidentally the police, when I first became concerned in the affair. Admiral Blantyre, called "a seaman of the old school"—although I am deplorably ignorant of the significance of the term—in a fit of indignation or spleen, resigned the command of his particular squadron owing to alleged interference by some officious nobody at the Admiralty. Refusing also a subsequent offer of employment, he retired to a tiny country house in the North, among the friends of his early days.

He became very friendly with the county people, and particularly intimate with an old Commander, also retired and equally predisposed against the current naval policy. A thick coppice between their houses was intersected with paths, along most of which the contemplative strolls of the Admiral would lead him to some part or other of his friend's grounds.

Mrs. Blantyre, the wife of the Admiral, was an active and very well-preserved lady of nearly fifty, who took a wifely interest in her husband's rose-culture and paper battles. The two might often be seen in leisured companionship of walk in or about the grounds of "The Cabin," which name for old sake's sake, had struck the Admiral as a fitting appellation for his retreat. It will thus be seen that the couple lived easily and happily. Thus up to the morning of the tragedy.

In the garden the Admiral bent his stiffening back to attach more firmly to their supports some immature ones of the standard roses, and straightened himself gingerly to answer some remark of his wife, as she passed on the other side of the hedge, going toward the coppice. She did not look back as she entered upon the little path.

Two hours after, a labourer saw an elderly lady totter to the gate of the grounds, and with failing strength sink to the earth as the wicket opened. "The Admiral—the terrace!" she whispered, and made an attempt to rise. Here her senses left her, and the man, placing his coat beneath her head, laid her gently upon the grassy border. There was apparently not another human being within sight or sound.

The man came to several doors, some of which were open to the pleasant breezes, all unlocked. Passing these he rounded the house to come suddenly upon the "terrace."

Upon the second of the grassy banks, neatly cut and rolled, which formed the terraces, lay the body of the Admiral, with a small roundish hole in his forehead.

The man straightway hunted up a doctor, who declared that the Admiral must have been killed probably within the hour of the discovery of the crime.

In a few seconds after the stampede of the clod-hopping searchers, the dullest fool in the force could not have found a clue. But, for myself, I think I should perhaps have *made* a few clues to satisfy the bloodthirsty savages who suggested evil things under anonymous cover, and made death at her own hands less painful than life to the grief-stricken survivor.

However, the police discovered nothing, and the Admiral was buried. Mrs. Blantyre died and was buried.

* * * * * * * *

Belike, I am expected to sit back presently and with closed eyes and wedded finger-tips, proceed in a silly, cynical vein to set forth the shortcomings of the police and the superlative ease with which I solved the mystery. I shall do nothing of the kind. I could not, would not, follow out a clue to its logical conclusion, if any, for the Mines of Ophir. You may make what you can of the statement, but I noticed that under certain circumstances East was West! Therein was the Blantyre mystery! That a man should kill—that a man should die—for a blasphemy against the Cardinal Points!

The business of the man who pays me thirty pieces of silver per week is that of Real Estate Agency, and my business is to make no mistakes. A certain house at the time on the market was in the hands of my employer for disposal, and a preliminary inspection pending sale was being made according to his custom. The work was entrusted to me. The house was noted in our books as "the property of the late Admiral Blantyre," the word "late" being a recent addition.

The front door yielded easily to my key, and the latch snapped to behind me. Up I went to the topmost floor, and in the last room a tiny chamber beneath the eaves, dimly illumined by a skylight, I found—a man.

The door was open, and as I stood on its threshold he faced me, kneeling, sitting back on his heels, his hands hanging down before him, the long slim fingers lightly clasping his knees. His figure was rigid, his eyes apparently sightless, or seeing other things than the black white wall. He was alive, for the lips moved slightly though soundlessly. I did not mark his clothing closely, which was, I believe, the ordinary English dress, but the clear bronze skin, black eyes and straight black hair proclaimed the Orient. As I looked, his body relaxed. With hands placed beside his knees, he bent forward three times, touching with his forehead the planks of the bare floor, and again resumed his kneeling attitude.

Presently the man came to the door and beckoned me.

"Salaam, Sahib," said he, softly, and low. And folded his hands upon his breast.

I waited.

"I am the unworthy servant of the Sahib. Is it his will that I shall speak?" I nodded.

"So. Then the full tale shall be told. Let the wisdom of the Sahib, which hath uncovered my shame, judge between him that was and is dead (for I killed him) and I me, Mohammed Din, in this thing. Will the Sahib be seated?" I squatted on the floor.

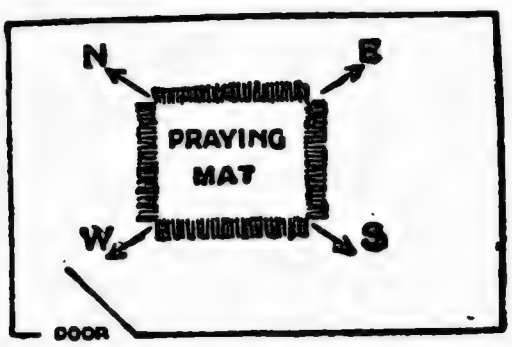
"It is good. The Sahib is of few words. I will not weary him. This then is the true tale of wherefore the the blood of Belantyah Sahib came upon this head. Many years—twenty perhaps—when Belantyah Sahib was not yet A-mir-al, his ship sailed the Indian Waters, the Kala Pani, and times, when near the shore, he went up into the country to shoot. Of the last time I tell. Two others, Ram Dass and Mutra Lal Dom, with myself did he take as bearers. Belantyah Sahib would none of small game, and we pushed on into the jungle. Ill-luck we had, and the Sahib was wrath that nought should come before us but troops of the Bandar Log—monkey-folk—who reviled our fathers from the tree-tops. Then did Belantyah Sahib the foolishest thing. He took a gun from me and fired at a family of the Monkey-Folk. One of them he struck, it cried out as it fell. It was a very little one, Sahib, and died. Then did the Bandar-Log assail us with red anger. Ram Dass and Mutra Lal Dom, foulborn scum with blood of water, fled and left us. Upon us came the Monkey People, and we fought them, two against a thousand. Perchance they left us for dead, or beasts scared them, for when I struggled to life again, the tracks of tigers were round about us! But the tiger kills his own, and abhorred us as carrion. I dragged Belantyah Sahib to a safe place beneath a rock, and there for days we abode. But some Sahibs passing came upon us and brought us to the coast.

Me they would have cast out among the common people, but Belantyah Sahib clung to me, and forbade them. Not to weary the Sahib with talk, I will but tell that I was Belantyah Sahib's body-servant while he sailed the Indian waters, and came with him to this country and to this house.

"This little room and the next did he set apart for me, to sleep, or to work or to eat in. But this one, this little dark one, I chose to sit in, to pray and to meditate. For the first days, when the sun was warm, I made my prayers upon the balcony, but fools mocked me with shouts. Then did I take this little room wherein to pray. But lo, the light is in the roof, and it passed knowledge how one might tell East from West in this land of the half-light. To this end I besought Belantyah Sahib to give me a room, wherein was a window where I might see the sun. Whereat he laughed and went away and returned with a little box. Imprisoned in the box, he said, was a spirit which ever sought the North. I looked therein and saw the spirit as a bit of metal shining, and it strove ever to reach the North. This is a true word, because Belantyah Sahib laid the spirit in the little box upon the floor of the balcony, and by the setting sun I saw the spirit was faithful.

"Then did Belantyah Sahib take up a chalk and make these marks upon the floor of this little room with the light in the roof, so that I might know where lay Mecca, the Sacred City of the Prophet. Behold, Sahib, for the marks are even now here for thine eyes," and he clutched my arm as he pointed to the floor.

I saw certain marks upon the floor, representing the points of the compass—not parallel with the walls—as thus:—



His hand dropped from my arm, his head sunk upon his breast, and for a space he stared with unseeing eyes at the marks. Then in low tones he resumed:

"Each day at dawn and darkening did I make my prayer, ever turning my face to the East, according to the Word. But one night Belantyah Sahib had taken much wine and made merry with his friends, telling many tales among them. And Belantyah Sahib sent me out of the room on some errand. While I was gone, it must have been that he told them a tale concerning me, for I heard them laugh while I tapped on the door, and in my ear they yelled again with laughter when I came forward. Some Sahibs are foolish with much wine and I said nought. But one Sahib was very drunken, and mocked me. He took from his watch-chain a jewel and made me look. I looked and saw it was like to the little case wherein was the spirit striving for the North, even as Belantyah Sahib had showed to me. Also was there imprisoned therein a spirit, but it was a very little one and moved weakly.

"And the very drunken Sahib mocked me with words:

"'I have a riddle for thee, Mohammed,' he said. Low I bowed to him. 'Speak, Protector of the Poor.' 'When, then, is the East not the East?' he said, and while I pondered he went away with foolish laughter.

"It was child's talk, Sahib, and I thought on it no more. But when all the Sahibs had gone, and I was letting depart the little push-lights—e-lec-terick you call—I found upon the floor the little jewel wherein the Northern Spirit strove to escape and fly to its home. The drunken Sahib had let it fall. There was none but I awake, and so I thought that I would cherish the jewel-spirit until the morning. Then would I take it to Belantyah Sahib's friend.

"This then did I resolve upon. But man is a vain thing, Sahib, and I took pleasure to myself to let the Spirit show me even again the North of its desire. Upon my praying-mat did I lay it, with its head unto the mark which showed the North. That mark, Sahib. But even as I gazed, it turned from it, and ever as I laid its head to the North it twisted round to face the other way.

"'Surely this one is an evil spirit,' said I within myself, 'or hath taken madness with overmuch striving.' Then

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PAID TO GO TO GAOL,

where he was kept in luxury and idleness. In America, too, he

LOST A LEG

through "train-jumping." His wonderful story begins in this week's

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I bore it without to the little balcony. The sun was near to rising, and by it I knew the North for myself. And lo! the jewel-spirit turned to it faithfully, always to the North! Now this was a wondrous thing, Sahib, and it came to me that perchance the spirit was unholy, and was taken with madness because of my praying-mat, which was holy cloth, blessed by a very holy man.

"'I will even make trial of this thing,' I said, and sought to climb upon the roof, and did so, coming to the window of my room. The day was dawning, and my eyes are good, Sahib. I could see the marks within my room, and set the jewel-spirit upon the glass. But it would not see the North Mark according to those written by Belantyah Sahib, but turned always to the South Mark. While I marvelled at this, lo the sun rose in my face and I made to descend to make my prayers. Then with mine own eyes did I see that the jewel-spirit had striven truly to the North, and that the marks of the Belantyah Sahib were lies! The *rising sun* shone in my eyes, but the sign within my room was the *West* Mark! Yes, Sahib, the signs of Belantyah Sahib were lies! Perchance it seemeth surely a very little thing, but tell me, my brother, is a man's soul but a little thing?

"I rent my garments, and poured ashes upon my head and made to kill myself. Then did I seek the bedside of Belantyah Sahib and besought him why he had done this unto me, that had been brother with him in the jungle when the Bandar Log had torn us, that had given him our last measure of water save two mouthfuls, and crawled afar upon my belly for cool herbs for him to suck in his fever? But he was still heavy with drink, and bade me begone with curses. And I did not kill him, Sahib, in his sleep, he that had laid a snare for me so that my feet were even then in hell! I left him and did take ship to Africa, whence I journeyed from Morocco unto Mecca on foot, lying upon sharp stones at night for penance that I had offended the sacredness of God and Mahomet His Prophet.

"For much days I fasted and prayed, and was nigh unto death, for I no longer desired to live. To the holy priests I had told my sin, and each had said, 'Dog, get thee without the temple and die upon the dunghill,' for my crime stank even in the sight of Heaven. Thus for years did I live, though praying death. My sin was told among the people who would none of me, and cast me out to the dunghills. And I abode with swine and washed not, but prayed and fasted. But ever did I journey to the temples, thinking perchance some holy man would take pity on me.

"And one day there came past a holy man whom I had not before beheld in the temple, and he came and looked upon me. I had yet a little strength, and besought him to hear me. He bade me haste. As I made an end, he fell into thought. I plucked his sleeve, and sought a blessing ere I died. Whereat he rose and said: 'Does the infidel yet live that put upon thee this curse?'

"'Even so, holy one,' I answered unto him.

"'And thou seekest Paradise while he lives?' was the speech he cast at me, and passed into the temple.

"So I hasted to be whole again, and came to England. I searched long for Belantyah Sahib, and when I found him, I killed him, Sahib. Call you this a sin? Then came I to this house—whereof I still had this little key, and within this room have fasted and prayed these seven days. This very night I had intent to leave this country and to journey yet again to Mecca to pray with fasting at the tomb of the Prophet till Death did open that gate of Paradise which Belantyah Sahib had shut against me with those lying signs of the East which was not East. The Sahib knows all.

"None hath set me a judge over thee, Mohammed Din," I at length replied. "But there was the wife of the Admiral. What of her?"

"I did not kill her, Sahib," said the man.

"No," I returned, "but the police could not trace the doer of the deed. And liars sent letters accusing her."

"It is not good that dishonour should rest on the name of the wife of Belantyah Sahib. Take me to the police."

"Nay," I said. "There is no haste. She sleeps in peace. Get thee to Mecca, and when thou hast received pardon from the lips of thy holy man, let thy penance be to return here and tell thy tale to the courts, that justice be done."

"It shall be as the Sahib commands," came the voice of Mohammed Din out of the moon-silvered gloom of the little room. Our hands met in the dusk, and we departed from the house, each his own way.

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS.

By Walter Moore.

XIV.—LORD KITCHENER.

Anxious to interview Lord Kitchener before his depa[rture] from India, I hastened to Simla, where, disguised as a *punkah wallah*, I managed to obtain service in his entourage.

The all-observing eye of the great General quickly noticed my unfamiliar, walnut-stained face among his innumerable native servants. Whereupon, assuming an attitude of the most abject humility, I murmured:

"Sahib, may the meanest of your slaves agitate his tongue in your frightful presence?"

"Speak," commanded Lord Kitchener.

"You are my father and my mother," I pursued in approved Eastern style; "you are my sisters, my cousins, and my aunts; you are my uncle, and all my relations."

"Speak!" repeated Kitchener, sternly.

"You are about to exterminate your sudorific presence from India, illustrious sahib."

"Well?"

"Your most superfluous slave kisses your propulsive toe, and has the superhuman cheek to express his admiration for the work your stunning pre-eminence has done."

Lord Kitchener fixed his cold, clear eye upon me.

"I am a dog," I continued, bowing low, "and several of my female ancestors were cats. But a dog knoweth a friend, and the cat cometh at the cry of 'mee-meat'"

Lord Kitchener bent his brows until the steely glint of his eyes was all but hidden. For an instant I quaked.

"When did you leave Long Acre?" he demanded.

"Three weeks ago," I stammered, taken by surprise.

"You wish to make a fool of me for the amusement of John Bull readers, I presume?"

"No, my lord," I answered; "John Bull is as pleased to recognise transcendent merit as he is quick to detect the humbug and the *poseur*. In you he sees one of the stoutest props of the empire. You do your work deliberately and without ostentation—and you do it well. Egypt, South Africa, and India bear witness to your fine qualities as a military organiser."

"I detest flattery," interposed Kitchener, "have the goodness to confine your remarks to what is necessary for your purpose, whatever that may be."

"To be brief, then, my lord, will you tell me what you believe to be the object in appointing you to the Mediterranean command?"

"It is outside the range of my duties to discuss with a civilian the orders of my superior officers" said Kitchener gravely.

"Do you consider that you will have sufficient scope for your energy and abilities in your new post?"

"There is always scope for a soldier to do his duty."

"It is suggested that you have been appointed to the position vacated by the Duke of Connaught to keep you as far as possible away from the War Office; where your well-known keenness for efficiency might prove a somewhat disturbing element."

"I am not responsible for such suggestions, be they right or wrong," said Kitchener, with a grim smile.

"But is there any truth in the rumour?"

"You should direct that enquiry to the War Office."

"What do you think of the Territorial Army scheme?" I asked with a sigh, unwillingly changing the subject.

"I consider it as good an idea as could be expected of a civilian War Minister who also is a student of German philosophy."

"What do you think of the Territorial force?"

"Their obvious patriotism disarms criticism," was Lord Kitchener's brief reply.

"You are shortly proceeding to the Australian Colonies?"

"That is so."

"You have been invited to advise them on the question of organised defence. Do you expect your advice to be taken?"

"I prefer giving orders to giving advice," returned Lord Kitchener, with an enigmatic smile; "the result is more sure."

"Is it true also that you have been invited to reorganise the militant suffragists?"

"Rumour will next credit me with the intention to get married," laughed Kitchener.

"And why not?" I demanded.

"*Cherchez la femme!*" was the reply.

OUR SPECIAL POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

SPECIALLY MIS-REPORTED FOR "JOHN BULL."

By RICHARD MORTON.

TRIVIAL CHARGE AGAINST A "GOOD SORT OF FELLOW."

Benjamin Goodboy, a powerful-looking costermonger with a most engaging expression and the sweetest of manners, was charged at the Great Eastern Court yesterday with violently assaulting his wife.

The only allegations against the prisoner were to the effect that he had knocked down his better half, after giving her a succession of blows in the face, and had then merely jumped on her, inflicting serious injuries.

Mr. De Blues (the magistrate): The offence this gentleman is charged with is really one of a most poetical nature. You will remember it was the poet Gilbert who wrote those immortal lines about "When the coster's done a-jumping on his mother." In the present case the gentleman appears to have operated on his wife. From a literary point of view this is to be regretted.

Prisoner's wife (as wives in their infinite tenderness are prone to do) endeavoured to shield her husband when in the witness-box, and said it was all her own fault. She had aggravated him and struck him first. All he did was to return her blow.

Mr. De Blues: It is said he kicked you.

Witness: He simply pushed me with his foot.

The police surgeon proved that the woman's jaw was broken, her mouth cut and teeth loosened, her left eye blackened, and her face badly bruised. She had a severe bruise under the collarbone, several on both arms, and another on the chest.

The prisoner wished to submit a point of law. If a man must not knock his own wife about, whose wife could he knock about?

Mr. De Blues admitted the force of the plea, but could not take it on himself to decide the question. He should be pleased to state a case for a higher court.

The prisoner expressed his thanks, and went on to emphasise his regret at the conspicuous position in which he was placed.

The wife interposed by saying that her husband was a good man as a rule.

Mr. De Blues (to prisoner): Ah, but you jumped on your wife. That was a very naughty thing to do. You see, you are such a big, powerful fellow, that if you had jumped a little higher you might have smashed her chest, and you ought not to be so rough, even when you are only in play. You must not take your physical exercises in such violent fashion next time. I am, however, quite certain that you are really a good sort of fellow as a rule, quite an estimable and lovable character. These little accidents will happen in the best of families, but I am regretfully compelled to fine you something, just to show there is no ill-feeling. So, if you don't mind, pay five shillings, and I will bind you over for six months to continue that good behaviour which is so characteristic of your beautiful nature. And I shall look forward to the pleasure of seeing you again. *Good morning!*

"TELLING THE TALE" TO A CREDULOUS COLONIAL.

At Bow Street, before Mr. Bennet Curtis, a well-dressed American named Deadwood Dick was charged with obtaining the sum of two hundred pounds by false pretences from Mr. Sylvanus Soft, a simple old gentleman from the Colonies.

Mr. Soft said he was in the smoking room at the Hotel Majestic when the prisoner introduced himself by saying they had met at the Bishop of London's garden party. Mr. Soft continued: I have never been to the Bishop of London's garden party; but I quite believed what the prisoner said, because he was so respectable.

Prisoner: And did you believe it all?

Mr. Soft: Of course I did. You were dressed so well.

Prisoner: Then we let you off cheap. You deserved to lose a lot more.

The Magistrate: I really have not much sympathy with a credulous old gentleman like the prosecutor who is greedy enough to think he is going to pick up money from two strangers. Such idiots should not be out without a keeper. But that is no excuse for the prisoner, who must go for trial. Perhaps he will employ the interval in thinking up a pretty tale for the jury.

Pat-a-Cake Biscuits for the honoured guest, either in the drawing-room or nursery—Pat-a-Cake for every meal. You can buy them everywhere, and the quality never varies. They are nicer than most, but they cost no more.

Buy them to-day.

They're Peek Frean's.

PAT-A-CAKE

AFTER SHACKLETON.

(One of our readers, about to take his annual holiday, demands Government assistance.)

"D'A. M. Cheake" writes us:—

As you are probably seeing Mr. Asquith fairly often just now, I should be very grateful if you would mention a matter to him which (if the newspapers can only be induced to say so) will become of great national concern. I am just about to take a holiday on the coast of Cornwall, and I know a part of the coast where there is a cave that has never been explored! As I propose to try and explore it, I suggest that the Government should advance my holiday expenses, as I consider the cave in question of equal importance with the South Pole. There may be penguins and ice in it, for all I know; and, anyway, I shall hope to bring back a few shells and anemones.

A friend of mine says that it is monstrous to spend the money which the Government holds in trust for the British taxpayer on expeditions which do not concern the welfare of the country; but I referred him to the case of Lieutenant Shackleton. Then he said it was a question of the degree of importance; and I replied that the South Pole couldn't be a thousand times more important than my cave, and I only wanted a modest £20. That shut him up. I proceeded to pile it on about the duty of a Government to encourage enterprise, and told him that his miserable, niggardly spirit of guarding public money would mean the stifling of all such things as South Pole hunting, and so forth. He said it was grossly unfair to compel the taxpayer to subscribe to an adventure that was merely of newspaper interest. Of course, it's no good arguing with a man who talks like that.

If Mr. Asquith won't part with the money, please let me know. I shall make the matter an issue at the next General Election.

ANOTHER HARD POSTAL CASE.

(How the Postal Department treated an auxiliary letter carrier of long service when no longer fit for duty.)

Mr. J. T. Gibbs enlisted in the Army May 15th, 1869, in the 60th Rifles; saw 15 years' foreign service; was with General Roberts in his famous march to the relief of Kandahar; was invalided from the service through an accident on duty January 28th, 1890, after serving 20 years and 257 days, with a pension of 1s. 6d. per day. Entered the Postal service as auxiliary letter carrier December, 1892; was returned "Medically Unfit" March 12th, 1909, after nearly 17 years' service.

In 1894 a society was formed in the Postal service called the "Amalgamated," which embraced all sections of the service, of which he became a member—its object being to secure to its members a sum of money either at death or on leaving the service as "unfit."

After being returned "Medically Unfit" on March 12th, Gibbs made an application through the District Postmaster for a recognition of his long service. The reply received was to the effect that as he was in receipt of a pension from the Army and also as he was a member of the "Amalgamated," they considered he was not in need of any allowance. In other words, as he had struggled for fifteen years to pay into the Society for the benefit of his wife in the event of his death, his 17 years' service is not to be considered or recognised, although it was stated by the Postmaster-General in the House of Commons that the service of unestablished postmen would receive recognition.

DAVID DRAGE AND SONS, LTD.

(The Holborn Firm Clears Up Our Correspondent's Complaint.)

With reference to our paragraph in last week's issue, Messrs. Drage and Sons, Ltd., have been good enough to submit to us all the documents dealing with our reader's complaint, which related to a claim by the firm for warehousing a cabinet, which he stated, they had agreed to do "free of charge." On looking at the original documents, however, we find that the free warehousing was limited to a period of six weeks, and that the firm are simply asking for a nominal sum to cover warehousing beyond that period. So, after all, there was not much in the complaint—the matter, in the words of the firm's well-known advertisement being, "so simple."

A HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT.

(A wail from a sorely distressed married man.)

One of our readers says: "May I ask your interest and Help in exposing the following outragous anomoly of the Law in connexion with that of Marriage and Pawning together with Drinking amongst Women. A Married Women can Pawn absolutely ANYTHING that Her Husband possesses. And He is POWERLESS to stop Her. She can then spend the Money on Drink and can continue to do so, so long as she does not use Violence to Her Husband, or get into the Hand's of the Police. In short, she is safe from the Law by Drinking in Her Own House and off course that of Her Husband's. The Habitual Drunkard's Act is of no use to the Husband in such cases. Why I am so sure on the subject, is, I have, more than once tried to get redress and a seperation from a Drunken Wife who is crafty enough to Keep Her Hand's off Me or have the Hand's of the Police on Her. I have even to lock my Cloths up, to try to prevent them going to the Jackal's of the Drink trade. Surely it is perfectly reasonable that any one should Have legal Right and Power to say that their own goods should not be Pawned. In My Opinion it would prevent a lot Drinking amongst Women, and prevent a lot of Misery to Married Men and Children of such unhappy Marriages further More. If the Law was amended in regard to Beer Off Licenses so that the was Barred from sueing in County Courts for Debt. It would prevent a lot of Swindling in the form of weekly credit and COOKED accounts. It does exist as I know from personal Experience. I think it is time that the Divorce Law's should be Reformed so that the *Very poor*, can, when occasion arises obtain a Divorce at reasonable cost and Locally, on the Plea of Adultry, Desertion, Intemperance, Incapalibility of Temper, Persistent Cruelty. I have been informed that a Married Man (or Women) can on proving that His or Her Partner is of Intemperate Habits can get a legal injunction to prevent them obtaining any Drink at all, and any one assisting to procure or selling it to them is punished. A Publican who sell's it to them lose's His License such is the Law in some of the State of America. I have also been informed that in Bremen, Germany a Man who from Drunkeness or Idleness that does not provide His Wife and family with the nessesitiaes of Life It is taken in Hand by the Autheraties, who after it has been proved that the Man is a Defaulter, *They* Draw His Wages from His Employer and THEY PROVIDE with the Money that He has Earned for the Family. If He wont attend to His Work, They put Him in a Industral Prison and He is Made to Earn His own and Family Keep. In conclusion I may say that if you are not aware of the anomalies of the Law I have Drawn your attention too, you will see that they exist if you take the trouble to verify."

OUR MERCANTILE MARINE.

(Some weighty words from a Master.)

I am a steam-ship master, my steamer is laid up here at present, as owing to the many restrictions, and in many cases needless and vexatious interference of the Board of Trade, we cannot run at a profit; in consequence I have to remain idle with many others and see our trade carried on by steamers under foreign flags. I could prove to you that our Mercantile Marine is losing ground all along the line. In my thirty years' experience as master in sail and steam, I have seen many trades where formerly we had the monopoly now exclusively in the hands of foreigners. As to the British sailor, except for some of the passenger liners, it will soon need a microscope to find him. Nine-tenths of the men on cargo tramp steamers and some (coasting as well as foreign) are niggers and foreigners. I consider some kind of protection is needed for our shipping and that we should restrict the foreigners from doing our coasting and colonial trade in the same way that they prohibit us from doing their coasting and colonial trade.

We commend these remarks to the serious consideration of Mr. Churchill.

THE directors of Carreras, Limited, out of an available balance of £37,491, recommend that a dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum for the past half-year, making 7½ per cent. for the year, be paid on the ordinary shares, and that the sum of £8,000 be placed to reserve, leaving a balance of £10,417 to be carried forward.

SPECIAL NORE TRIPS.—The Belle Line, in order to meet the convenience of the public who get the half day on Wednesday, are running a special trip to the Nore Light-ship and back on Wednesday, September 8th, leaving Fresh Wharf, London Bridge, at 2.30 p.m., calling at Greenwich at 3, North Woolwich 3.30, and Gravesend 4.30. Similar trips will be made on Sundays, Mondays and Thursdays, until September 13th inclusive.

UNIQUE DISCOVERY AT A HYDRO.

Method of Permanently Restoring Grey or Faded Hair to its Natural Colour Without Dye or Stain.

No one can Detect that Hair has ever Lost its Natural Colour.

One of those unique discoveries that are stumbled upon by accident from time to time has been made at the well-known Bromley Hydro at Bromley, Kent.

This discovery will bring a new lease of life to all persons who have grey hair, and especially to those who are prematurely grey. It will enable many to retain or obtain positions which, through the absurd notion that grey hair denotes loss of ability and energy, are often lost because preference is shown for persons of a more youthful and virile appearance.

When it is remembered that nearly half the population of the world become prematurely grey, and that grey hair is so great a hindrance in commercial, social and matrimonial life, the *importance of this great discovery cannot be over-estimated.*

Unhappily, it is the most intelligent, the most refined and most sensitive—those, indeed, who are least able to bear up under the deadly brand of premature age—who fall victims to too early grey hair. The more one works with his or her brain the greater the danger. The man who does not require to think is rarely grey-haired. The man who has to most diligently and unintermittently exercise his creative mind is the man who literally produces that "sweat of the brow" which seems to destroy the hair-colouring functions.

It must never be overlooked that thought is concentration of mind, while worry is intense, agonised concentration of mentality. That is why worry brings greyness. Intense worry has in many instances in history produced greyness—and even whiteness—of the hair in a single night.

Fortunately for so many readers—even if those whose fears are already more than justified by existing greyness—the new Vilixir Treatment is admirably simple, easy and inexpensive. With the aid of this treatment it is possible to completely checkmate the development of greyness, whilst the treatment is no less successful in overcoming the cause of existing greyness.

Those specialists who have the new hair colour-restoring treatment under critical oboervation can only affirm that it exercises some subtle stimulating effect upon the dormant, or sleeping, pigmentary (or colouring) cells of hair, for it does not dye or stain even white paper to the colour to which it unfailingly restores the hair to which it is applied.

THE BROMLEY HYDRO, BROMLEY, KENT, WHERE THE DISCOVERY WAS MADE.
(View of the South-West Wing from the Royal Terrace.)

TREATMENT IS SELF-APPLICABLE.

The treatment can be self-applied, and calls for only a few moments of time occasionally.

Happily, the cost of treatment is well within the reach of all classes of Society, and, further (probably for the first time in the history of toilet preparations), *the good results desired by every user are guaranteed.* That is, should the new Vilixir Treatment fail in any instance, the payment made for it will be refunded in full.

Unlike hair dyes or stains, the scalp is absolutely unchanged in colour by the new hair-colouring method, and there is no reason to doubt that the treatment does in some unexplained way awaken the inactive cells whose duty it is to colour the hair of the individual.

The application of this latest dyeless and stainless hair-colour restorer is far more easy and pleasant than the use of the sticky or stain-everything, old-fashioned hair-dyes.

The new method, too, no more betrays itself to the nose than it does to the eyes of another.

The Treatment cannot fail to appeal to the good sense of all those refined people who dislike the use of dyes and stains.

Indeed, the new hair-colouring treatment seems to be perfect in every respect.

DEFY ONE'S BIRTH CERTIFICATE.

We believe the Secretary of the Vilixir Company, Bromley Hydro, Bromley, Kent, will send particulars of the new discovery to any interested reader who sends a penny stamp for return postage. Certainly every person desirous of renewing the natural colour of his or her hair should look further into the matter. No one can afford to grow old in appearance too soon—and no one who employs the new aid need do so. One may be only as old as one feels, or even as old as one's birth certificate indicates, but the world at large knows neither the one nor sees the other, so it must "judge by appearances."

There are men and women to whom the restoration of the natural colour of their hair would mean a lopping off of from five to twenty years. Then might the man or woman so rejuvenated successfully deny, if inclined, the date of his or her birth certificate. Certainly he or she would then be able to look only as old as he or she felt.

No harm can be done by writing for particulars of the new discovery. With full details before one, the reader may the better judge the value of the discovery.

A penny stamp for return postage should be enclosed in every letter addressed to the Secretary, Vilixir Company, the Bromley Hydro (Room 94), Bromley, Kent, from which actual home of the discovery the full particulars may be obtained direct by all who are interested.

OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To Mr. Speaker, House of Commons.

DEAR MR. SPEAKER,—While entertaining the profoundest respect and admiration for you as the Censor of debates, I cannot entirely approve of your new role as a censor of the drama. You said you "should not have the slightest hesitation in deciding whether a play was suitable or not." That was a very bold statement, and suggests the enquiry: suitable to whom? This you unfortunately gave away by confessing that you would be horrified if your daughter went to certain plays and "not best pleased" if your son saw them. The implication is that you would like to prevent any and every grown person from witnessing what you consider unfit for your own children. The obvious remedy is a new clause in the Children Act, and that would never commend itself to one who has succeeded in winning the confidence and respect of all parties in the House of Commons by his broad-mindedness and his human qualities.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir Edward Henry, Chief Commissioner of Police, London.

SIR,—As you are one of the more prominent policemen, I have the honour to direct your particular attention to the fact that a few weeks ago the car of a public official, while being driven along the High Street, West Kensington, knocked down a cyclist, who was thrown violently against a stationary taxi-cab, and sustained such injury that it was considered necessary to remove him to St. George's Hospital in the car which had caused the accident, and in which the owner was seated at the time. I have also the honour to inform you that subsequently to this accident the wife of the injured cyclist called upon the owner of the car, who expressed his regret at the mishap, and assured her that he would do everything in his power to alleviate her distress. But a few days after this interview a solicitor called upon the lady, and in renewing regrets on behalf of his client, informed the injured man that when an accident was due to the skidding of a motor car the owner was not liable, but nevertheless offered by way of gratuity the sum of 25s. The injured man declining this offer, it was increased to the sum of £3, which the man eventually accepted, signing at the same time a declaration which exonerated the owner of the car from any liability for the accident.

I have the honour, further, to inform you, sir, that you were the owner of the car, and that the solicitor who made the offer and secured this settlement acted on your instructions and in your name. My purpose in writing, therefore, is to congratulate you on your generosity. I shall not discuss the legal view involved, I merely take occasion to state that while it is true that the owner of a skidding car is freed from liability for accident, the onus of proving the skidding is on him, and in this case it would have been on the Chief Commissioner of Police. At the moment of writing, sir, I am informed that the injured man—a lamplighter—has not been able to follow his employment since the accident, so that if by way of further solatium you would care to send him a few postage stamps, I do not doubt that the voluntary contribution to the current expenses of his household will be accepted with the overflowing thanks of a grateful heart. You have the honour to be, Sir, my obedient servant.

JOHN BULL.

To T. M. Healy, Esq., K.C., M.P.

DEAR TIM,—Yours is not a career that I have ever admired, but I must admit that you have the courage of your vituperation. No one else would have ventured to sneer at the Prime Minister in open court by suggesting that he would have received the Suffragettes if they had "figured on the dancing stage" or been French mannequins. I can understand that the bitterness of your temper and the sharpness of your tongue should have made it impossible for you to have any friends; I can even understand how a cold-blooded person like the late Mr. Parnell was goaded into smacking your face. But at the same time I must admit your exceeding cleverness. You must join the John Bull League. JOHN BULL.

To Wilfrid Ashley, Esq., M.P., House of Commons.

DEAR WILF,—Been reading your speech to the Unionists out in the open air at Plas Newydd, in North Wales. The Marquis of Anglesey issued over 10,000 invitations to the gathering, I hear. Don't know how many rolled up, but they do say our noble friend provided tea for 8,000. That isn't a new idea, of course. You can always get an audience if you give away a feed. You must have tickled 'em, anyhow, when you told them that Asquith consorts only with belted earls, that Winston dines with fierce, man-eating peers, and that Grey, McKenna and Haldane are constantly basking in the light reflected from ducal coronets; and I can almost hear the delighted cheers of the Marquis's free-fed crowd when you advised them, next time they heard a Cabinet Minister denouncing the Lords, to ask him whom it was he dined with last night. 'Twas a hit on the raw; but after all, the derision cuts two ways. A lord who rejoices in spreading before a Liberal Cabinet Minister the best of his kitchen and the choicest of his cellars, can hardly believe the right hon. gentleman has come to pick his pocket and steal his teaspoons. Even peers do not knowingly entertain burglars. And have you thought of some possible developments of your suggestion? "With whom did you *dine* last night?" may be a question easily parried, but—well, we haven't always all-night sittings to fall back upon!

JOHN BULL.

To the Bailie Police Court, Dumfries, N.B.

DEAR BAILIE,—I really think you deserve a whip across your back for the sentence you passed on the man brought before you for taking an old tin can from the town's muck heap. The can was of no more value than refuse usually is, or it would not have been where he found it. He admitted he took it, but said he "did not think he was stealing it." I believe him. A tin can thrown on a rubbish heap seems to me as legitimate a find as a picked bone discovered in the roadway by a hungry dog.

Probably you were influenced in your decision, sir, by the Fiscal's argument, which had as little to do with the charge of stealing as a broom shaft has to do with a leg of mutton. He told you that "the police had received special instructions with regard to the rubbish heap, for it had been twice set on fire, and on one of these occasions he believed it cost the burgh £20." But the man wasn't charged with arson, was he, Bailie? And there was no evidence adduced to prove that the act of removing the tin was likely to cause a conflagration, was there? Anyway, you sent the man to prison for fourteen days, and that's why I say you deserve a whip across your back. I tell you, as I have told other magistrates who seem to know nothing of even the most elementary principles of justice, that such sentences are moral and intellectual outrages on the whole community. Justice, full and complete, is every man's right, Bailie, whether mercy is or not. Get this into your head, man, and get it in at once—even if you have to hammer it through the woodwork

JOHN BULL.

Lloyd George, House of Commons.

Is it really true that the other Sunday you attended a race meeting at Rheims?

BULL.

Farman, Rheims, France.

Congratulations on your winning Grand Prix. Always knew you'd go far, man; hope you'll never fare worse.

BULL.

Phillips, M.P. S. Longford, House Commons.

Hear that local United Irish League demands your resignation for describing cattle driving as crime. Your mistake. You should have referred to it as outdoor recreation.

BULL.

Lord Abingdon, Hapton, Lancashire.

Notice suggestion your agent that if Hapton Parish Council will permit you enclose common land you will grant area allotments for use of poor. Go hon.

BULL.

Caruso, Vociferator, Dublin.

Rumour you intend appearing in golden-brown evening dress suit concert platform Liverpool. Aren't you afraid tailor will give audience fits also?

BULL.

A "NOBLE" SACRIFICE.

NECESSARIES OF LIFE
TOWN & COUNTRY MANSIONS, HORSES & CARRIAGES, MOTORS, YACHT, PACK OF HOUNDS, HUNTERS, POLO PONIES, GROUSE MOOR, DEER FOREST, RACING STABLE, ETC.
LUXURIES:-
CHARITABLE GIFTS & LABOUR.

"It's hard lines on me, that I should have to forego those little personal luxuries, but the Budget compels me to strike them out."

IN THE CITY.

It is requested that all letters to be answered on the City pages be addressed to the CITY EDITOR.

Letters requiring an answer in the next issue must be received not later than Friday.

We shall be obliged to Secretaries of Insurance and other Companies if they will send us their reports when issued, and, from time to time, any other information which may be of public interest.

In no circumstances can we undertake the purchase or sale of securities on behalf of our readers.

THE PROGRESS OF THE RAND.

If three or four years ago anyone had ventured to predict that to-day the output of the Rand Mines would be what it is, and the profits what they are, he would have been laughed at—much as the optimist would have been ridiculed who found courage to say that 1909 would see the political unification of South Africa as carried out in the great measure which has just received the unanimous sanction of Parliament. The mining progress made by the Witwatersrand during the first six months of 1909 is best shown by a comparison with the similar period of 1908. Here are the figures :—

	1908.	1909.	Increase.
Number of tons milled	8,584,324	10,104,747	1,520,423
Number of stamps working ..	8,439	9,089	650
Number of tube mills working ..	74	127	53
Duty per stamp per diem (tons) ..	6.01	6.72	0.71
Value of gold produced	£13,875,017	£14,961,737	£1,086,720
Value recovered per ton milled	32s.	29s. 5d.	Decrease. 2s. 7d.
Cost per ton milled	18s. 8d.	17s. 4d.	1s. 4d.
Profit per ton milled	13s. 3d.	11s.10d.	1s. 5d.
			Increase.
Total working profit	£5,621,134	£5,961,081	£339,947
Dividends distributed	£3,975,071	£4,549,097	£574,026

During the six months the tonnage milled increased by 17 per cent. ; the total value of gold recovered by 8 per cent. ; the total working profit by 6 per cent. ; the amount distributed in dividends by 14 per cent. The white labour employed in the production (20,500) increased 16½ per cent. ; the coloured (180,000) 11½ per cent.

The figures given above take no account of developments that have taken place in the Eastern, Central and Western sections of the Rand. In all these directions the development has been considerable, and will be much more so in the immediate future.

Much, of course, depends upon the supply of labour, and upon this head there has been some anxiety of late. In June and July the excess of time-expired natives and wastage over the number recruited was over 8,000, the repatriated Chinese bringing the total up to 10,000, but the latest advices from Johannesburg go far to allay anxiety as to the immediate labour supply. Even if there was a little shortage in the unskilled labour it might not be an unmixed disadvantage, since it would force employers to strive for greater efficiency, and the small rock drills driven by compressed air, now being tested under the joint auspices of the Government and the Chamber of Mines, may well have important results upon the industry. Much has been done since the war in the way of lessening the cost of production, and we see the result in enhanced profits as compared with the pre-war period. Altogether the outlook for the Rand industry is brighter than it has been at any time these fifteen years past.

THE SOUTH WEST LONDON TRADESMEN'S PROVIDENT SOCIETY.

A Southampton correspondent has been good enough to send us a letter addressed from 328, Balham High Road, London, S.W., signed by Emil Muller and George Boorman, who describe themselves as directors of the above concern, and which runs as follows :—

> Being unaware whether you have seen an issue of a paper called JOHN BULL of July 31st, 1909, in which the Editor has seen fit to seriously libel this company and our Secretary, Mr. William Edward Cook, we would call your special attention to this.
>
> We may say that we have instructed our London Solicitors to issue a writ for this gross and unjustifiable libel.

All we need say upon this is that we have not received the writ. A man named Rackham—whose record is well-known to us—has served us with a writ upon the plea that the paragraph referred to libelled him, although, as a matter of fact, his name does not appear in it. That is the only writ we have received, but if "Mr. William Edward Cook," whoever he may be, or "Messrs. Muller and Boorman," whoever they may be, want to follow suit, they can have the names of our solicitors, who will accept service, upon asking for them.

LLOYD, McGREGOR AND CO.

Have any of our readers had dealings with Lloyd, McGregor and Co., of 6, Creed Lane, E.C., persons who describe themselves as "Stock and Share Dealers, General Bankers"? We do not know what a "General Banker" may be, but Lloyd, McGregor and Co. profess to allow "overdrafts" upon the following conditions :—

1. You must state that you are in regular employment, or have means of repaying the loan, or you must promise
2. To repay the same ;
3. To remain a future client of the Bank ;
4. To pay the interest regularly every quarter ;
5. To recommend it to your friends ; and
6. To open your account you must forward £1 for every £10 overdraft you require ; but please note that we do not allow any overdraft under these conditions to exceed £100.

The thing is, of course, a fraud.

VICTORIA MUTUAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY, LTD., AND THE NORWICH UNION LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

By the time we publish, there will have been a general meeting of the members of this Society to consider, and if thought fit, pass a resolution approving of an agreement entered into with the Norwich Union Life Assurance Society for the transfer of the business, assets, and liabilities of the former Society to the latter. The Norwich Union is prepared to guarantee to the participating policyholders of the Victoria Mutual, throughout the duration of their policies, reversionary bonuses at the excellent rates last declared by the transferring office, namely, 41s. and 32s. per cent. per annum on the sums assured under policies in the abstainers' and general sections respectively. It will also grant interim bonuses at the rate of 30s. and 20s. per cent. per annum in the respective sections—a feature the Victoria Mutual had no power to introduce—and it will allow reversionary bonuses to be surrendered for cash.

The transfer, if carried through, as no doubt it will be, should be advantageous to both organisations. The premium income of the Victoria Mutual does not grow, remaining stationary in the neighbourhood of £13,000. Expenditure must necessarily bear heavily on such a comparatively small income. The terms secured by the transfer are very liberal. On the other hand, the transfer ought to be of considerable benefit to the Norwich Union.

ANGLO-GERMAN TERRITORIES.

We notice that this concern is being somewhat extensively puffed in the Press. We have no knowledge of its intrinsic merits—but it seems to bear a strong family likeness to the King's Treasury and Mayblossom group. Any relation? And, by the way, what has Mr. A. E. Ann, of Belingwe fame, to do with it?

HOW THE BANKRUPTCY ACTS WORK.

Our attention has been directed to the statement of a Trustee in Bankruptcy, typical, we fear, of the majority of such statements. It relates to the estate of John Wallington, late of Limes End Farm, Leckhampstead, Buckinghamshire, farmer and grazier. The Receiving Order is No. 4, of 1906, and therefore very early in that year. The statement is dated August 25th, 1909, or about three years and a half after the estate passed into the Trustee's hands. The cost of winding it up can only be described as awful. £997 3s. 4d. net was received. The first and final dividend of 3½d. in the £ on claims admitted came to £18 8s. 2d. At the date of the statement 6s. 9d. remained in the hands of the Trustee; £997 3s. 4d. received by the Trustee, £18 8s. 2d. received by the non-preferential creditors! And the balance of £978 15s. 2d., less the 6s. 9d. in the hands of the Receiver? While the Board of Trade as court fees take £33 18s. 2d. ; law costs of petition (as taxed) £19 0s. 8d. ; a law suit—there is always a law suit—£192 7s. 11d.? Then the Trustee's remuneration accounts for £110 5s. 7d. ; an auctioneer and valuer took £36 1s., and "incidental expenses" came to £86 9s. 1d. We should

perhaps have added that the law suit went against the Trustee, who in his note says he would have gone to the Court of Appeal but, "in view of the shortness of funds," it was decided "not to proceed further with the matter." The creditors have at least something to be thankful for. If the funds in hand had been more they probably would not have got their 3¼d. in the £. Really the cost of working the Bankruptcy Acts is nothing short of a national disgrace.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

THE PREMIUM INDUSTRIAL BANK, LIMITED.—TRAVELLER (Glasgow).—(1) If you want a bank we should not chose the one you have. (2) We never recommend dealings in options.

PRICE OF CONSOLS.—F. W. B. (Liverpool).—We cannot see what is likely to put up Consols.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN EXCHANGE.—T. W. W. (London).—Let us have the papers.

ANGLO PERSIAN OIL SHARES.—H. M. K. (Glasgow).—We should sell.

THE CONSOLIDATED SOUTHERN EXPLOITATION COMPANY, LIMITED.—J. G. Southsea).—We will look into the matter and deal with your letter next week.

JOHN BULL, LIMITED.—STRATH (Glasgow).—You should apply to the Secretary, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C. T. T. (Brighton).—The dividend is due this month.

FORMATION OF COMPANY.—J. B. (Woodford Bridge).—We regret we can be of no assistance to you in the matter.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—D. McO. (Glasgow).—We should prefer another selection.

ARMSTRONG AND COMPANY.—PUNTER (Margate).—We consider the terms of the circular you send us extremely objectionable.

HARGOOD'S, LIMITED.—H. L. A. (Stourbridge).—Our enquiries have satisfied us that these people carry on a respectable business. S. J. B. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Our information is that it is respectably conducted.

HUNGARIAN LOTTERY.—A. E. B. (Brixton).—We have no reason to doubt that the person you name is authorised to act as an agent, but we advise you not to buy any of the lottery tickets.

NEW WHEAL ELIZA CONSOLS, LIMITED.—L. W. B. (Walton).—We should not risk any more money in this concern.

THE LONDON AND PROVINCIAL INVESTMENT SYNDICATE.—J. B. (Bristol).—You seem to be putting the cart before the horse. We do not understand that you have got the money necessary to work your proposition, and until you have it seems a little premature to do the printing suggested.

THE INSURING HOUSE OF LONDON, LIMITED.—(Bury).—You have forgotten to send us your name. A. P. (Hornsey).—We know of no way by which you can get your money back. You should have taken our advice six months ago.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—CYCLIST (Sandwich).—Yes, it is very sound, and you may rely upon its carrying out its undertakings. But be careful to read the conditions before applying for a bond.

QUOTATION OF SHARES.—OCEANA (Aberdeen).—We do not think they are quoted in the papers you mention.

BOOTS (CASH CHEMISTS).—E. A. R. (Parkstone).—The shares are a fair speculative purchase.

RE WILLIAM CROSBIE.—A. H. J. (Hurstmonceaux).—Send us the correspondence.

THE INTERNATIONAL AGENCY COMPANY.—D. G. B. (Cardiff).—We think you would be foolish to pay 5s. for the privilege of being one of the correspondents of the company.

MUTUAL PROPERTY INVESTMENT AND ACCIDENT COMPANY.—H. J. R. (Ipswich).—We should not continue the payments. J. R. (Wigan).—If you have the opportunity to sell, sell.

THE ARSEN COAL ECONOMISER COMPANY.—E. G. W. (Birmingham).—(1) We have no information. (2) Have nothing to do with any of the other people you name.

INVESTMENT OF £150.—J. P. (Bristol).—Put it into some sound home industrial concern. It would be quite easy to get the 5 per cent. you want with sound security.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—DUBIOUS (Maryport).—No. We do not recommend any such dealings. A. T. T. (Birmingham).—Better steer clear of them. F. M. L. (Torquay).—We cannot advise you to risk your money in the way suggested. DISAPPOINTED (Preston).—We have your papers and are enquiring into the matter. C. M. B. (Southsea).—You say you have sent £2 to the people you name, and they say you have a "chance of making £5 in three months." You add that "it seems too good to be true." We agree. X. Y. Z. (Dover).—Have nothing to do with any of the people you name. ANGLO (Kilkenny).—Do. R. H. (Moxley).—Do.

INVESTMENT REGISTRY.—X. R. F. (Brighton).—If you want advice upon the subject named in your letter you had much better consult your banker.

CHORLEY TRAMWAYS, LIMITED.—S. (Chorley).—You must await the special settlement.

PREMIUM BOND DRAWINGS.—V. H. (Sunderland).—Apply to Messrs. E. Kerr and Co., of 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C.

FOUR MINING SHARES.—F. M. (Golderton).—If you carry out your intention to buy some of these shares you stand an excellent chance of losing your money. Why is it that you working men are such fools in these Stock Exchange matters? As well might you send a London draper's assistant to work in one of your Welsh coal mines and expect him to earn good money as think that you, who know as much about stocks and shares as he about coal, can make money by dabbling in these Exchange speculations.

CHOICE OF BANKS.—ZAMBESI (London).—The Birkbeck is the most suitable for your purpose.

EAST TILBURY (CANADA) OILFIELDS, LIMITED.—INVESTOR (Glasgow).—(1) We should have thought that the fact that the promise of "a 20 per cent. dividend quarterly" is held out as an inducement to buy would be sufficient to prevent a sensible man buying. (2) Have nothing to do with the other people you name.

PREMIUM BONDS.—H. H. (Garston).—We have no reason to suppose that the premium bonds you purchased through the late London and Paris Exchange are not genuine. A. P. (Glasgow).—No.

GAS COMPANY.—L. Y. (Wood Green).—Our information about the company is not reassuring. You should put the matter in the hands of a solicitor.

A BRUSSELS FIRM.—INTERESTED (Whitehaven).—(1) We know nothing about them, but we advise you not to send the £12 9s. (2) We have no doubt the firm you name would give you the information you want if you applied to them.

BARON AND COMPANY, LIMITED.—R. L. (London).—If you are content to take the risk, the shares have attractions.

BRITISH COALITE COMPANY.—F. C. V. (Forest Gate).—Our opinion remains what it has always been, that the shares do not represent a desirable investment.

NELSON TEA PENSIONS.—A. B. P. (Plaistow).—You should address the Liquidator.

THE BIRMINGHAM COLLECTING LOAN AND DEPOSIT COMPANY.—MADA (Birmingham).—We have no information.

STOCK BROKING.—NATAB (Chester).—We find it difficult to take your letter seriously. We gather from your letter that you are contractors, and you want to know wheher you shall set up as "small stockbrokers." Our advice to you is to stick to your last.

INVESTMENT OF £700.—H. C. O. (Harlesden).—Put it into sound industrial securities. It is quite possible to get 6 per cent., with sound security, and the probability of some appreciation in capital value.

MOTOR SHARES.—WESTERN (Bristol).—(1) The best advice we can give you is to sell your shares. (2) We do not think that the mining shares you mention represent "more than an ordinary mining risk." The company has a fine property.

INVESTMENT OF £400.—H. J. C. (Stevenage). No investment is "absolutely" safe; that is, you cannot put your money into anything with absolute certainty that you will get it back undiminished. Chances and changes have to be reckoned with. You should buy Consols, or first-class Municipal securities.

BRITISH AND COLONIAL INVESTMENT COMPANY.—A. E. (Glasgow).—We do not advise it.

INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

LONDON LIFE ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.—INQUIRER (Gravesend).—It is a most excellent company. The expenses of management in 1908 were only £4 6s. 4d. per cent. of the premiums, or £2 15s. 4d. per cent. of the total income. A non-commission paying office, the cost of the new business that comes to the London Life Association, Limited, is practically limited to medical fees and policy stamps. In the annual report the directors claim that the Association is one "in which all assure each other at a minimum of expense," and that "they prefer to secure new policies by relying on the advantages offered by the Association, and the unselfish efforts of the many members of the Association who have already taken much trouble in recommending it to their friends."

PURCHASE OF HOUSE.—J. B. (New Southgate).—The Provincial Homes Investment Company, of 71, Leadenhall Street, E.C., would treat you fairly.

THE SELF-HELP INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—Mr. G. (Aberynon).—We do not see the condition as to getting no benefit for the first eight days. Send us the correspondence you have had with the company. And remit stamps to cover postage of your papers sent us. Do you expect us to pay postage as well as give you advice? G. T. (Cardiff).—You must send us all the correspondence if we are to express an opinion as to whether the company is justified in appealing to the arbitration clause. Obviously there are occasions when there is this justification.

PROGRESSIVE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—A CONSTANT READER (Shrewsbury).—The company is in the hands of a Receiver. You should communicate with him.

BRITISH ENTERPRISE INSURANCE SOCIETY.—X. (Carmarthen).—Yes, we think it a "quite sound" concern, and in good repute.

NORTHERN EQUITABLE INSURANCE COMPANY.—P. D. (London).—It was our mistake. The company has been established over two years, and we have excellent accounts of it.

RELIANCE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—F. A. C. (London).—No.

THE MODERN SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION (MANCHESTER).—H. A. (Ambergate).—They say you are behindhand with your premiums. If that is true the delay in paying is explained. We return your papers. By-the-bye, correspondents who want their papers returned should send postage.

LEGAL AND COMMERCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—H. H. (West Kensington).—Yes, quite good enough for the purpose named. The company was established in 1907.

BRITISH LIFE OFFICE, LIMITED.—A. A. S. (Glasgow).—You appear to have accepted statements made to you by a canvasser of the company which were not true. It is not an uncommon experience, unfortunately. But the company is only bound to do what it undertakes to do in its printed documents.

BRITISH DOMINIONS INSURANCE COMPANY.—J. H. L. (London).—The company was formerly known as the Credit Assurance and Guarantee Corporation. It was established in 1907, and has an authorised capital of £850,300, of which £316,925 is in preferred ordinary shares of £8 10s. fully paid; ordinary shares of £8 10s., of which part 10s. and part £3 10s. is paid, and there are deferred shares of £1 fully paid. The position seems to be slowly improving.

UNITY ASSURANCE COMPANY.—W. H. (Liverpool).—The answer is in the negative.

MAJESTIC INSURANCE COMPANY.—D. P. S. (Deptford).—We do not agree with the opinion of your friends. The Scottish Accident Life and General Insurance Company is among the best of the accident insurance offices.

THE ROYAL LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—FEAR (London).—We have no information on the point.

EXCELSIOR SICK AND ACCIDENT SOCIETY.—T. McD. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We cannot recommend it. Send us the correspondence you have had with the society.

ONE AND ALL ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—J. W. (Dalmuir).—As at present advised, we cannot recommend it. D. L. E. (Cardigan).—Ditto.

TWO INSURANCE COMPANIES.—E. B. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Both are good, but you would get the better terms from the Sun Life of Canada. H. W. P. (Liverpool).—We prefer the United Kingdom Provident Institution.

THE MUTUAL LIFE AND CITIZEN'S ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED, OF AUSTRALIA.—ONOTO (Manchester).—The manager, in his letter to you of August 21, says that "the position of policy holders in the old Mutual Life Association is greatly improved by the amalgamation, which was not completed until September, 1908. Nevertheless, for the year ended December 31st, they received an annual bonus greater than had ever been distributed in the previous history of the Association. It was impossible to allot any bonuses for the last three years of the Association's existence as no profits were shown on account of the writing down of securities." We see nothing in this reply to criticise.

VICTORIA AND NORWICH UNION.—INQUIRER (Danelly).—We think the amalgamation will be advantageous to the Victoria, and for reasons given elsewhere in this issue.

THE GRESHAM LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—H. T. (Wallington).—A company that during its existence of sixty years has paid £24,566,262 in claims and surrenders may certainly claim to be in the front rank of assurance companies. The assets, according to the balance-sheet, on December 31, 1908, amounted to £10,038,724, of which £6,064,400 represented Stock Exchange securities.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—D. G. S. (Winslow).—We know of no objection to your taking out the policy you want with this company.

CYCLE INSURANCE.—G. W. (Chatham).—We have your further letter. Let us know what the company finally decides to do.

THE NATIONAL STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—C. F. (East Dulwich).—The statement to which you refer as appearing in our issue of August 21 was quite correct. Mr. Justice Eve upret the arrangement by which the National Standard was to take over the business of the Progressive, and the affairs of the latter company are now in the hands of a Receiver.

LICENSED INSURANCE CORPORATION GUARANTEE, LIMITED.—P. M. (Wigan).—Your information is correct with respect to this and the other company your name.

THE NATIONAL DEPOSIT FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—G. S. (Tollington Park).—It is not a question whether it is fair that on leaving the society you have to leave with it a year's contributions, but whether the rules of the society tell you in plain and unmistakable language that that is one of the conditions of their acceptance of you as a member. We do not understand you to dispute that they do, consequently you must acquiesce in the deduction.

THE BRITISH CITIZENS' ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—R. C. T. (Derby).—The prospectus strikes us as optimistic. Whether it is "a good and safe company to invest in" is a question impossible to answer. The company has only been in existence a month or two, it has very keen competition to face, and it may or may not succeed in winning for itself a recognised position in the insurance world.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

THE POLICE AND THE PRESS.

The Head Constable of Liverpool seems to have a peculiar notion of his rights and duties. Recently there was to have been a Protestant meeting in the town, and apparently the Head Constable expected disturbances. One would have thought that he would have taken the ordinary precautions to prevent a breach of the peace. We do not know if he did so or not, but he took another step which will require a good deal of explanation to justify. It seems that this meeting was to be advertised in the Liverpool newspapers, and the Head Constable sent for the Managing Director of the *Liverpool Courier* and the *Liverpool Express*, to warn him that if he published advertisements of the meeting, and if anything occurred at the meeting which was an "offence against the law," he would be prosecuted for the publication "as being an accessory to the commission of that offence." The Managing Director took no notice of this warning, the advertisement appeared, the meeting took place, and there was no breach of the peace. But since when, we should like to know, has the Head Constable had the right to dictate to newspapers what they shall and what they shall not publish in the way of advertisements? The action of the Head Constable of Liverpool seems to us to have been a gross attempt to interfere with the liberty of the Press. We are not, of course, suggesting that if a meeting has been forbidden by the proper authority, a newspaper has the right to publish an announcement of it; that would clearly be an offence. If the Head Constable was really apprehensive that the public safety would be endangered, then he should have forbidden the meeting. Since he did not do so, this communication to the Press was an impertinence.

THE FINANCE BILL AND APPEALS.

Referring to our article on this subject a correspondent writes:—

> In reference to your article in issue of July 24th *re* Finance Bill and appeals, and the notice taken of it in one of the London daily papers, where it was stated that your statements as to the "subsidiary" body of Commissioners sitting at Somerset House to hear appeals were not true, I beg to quote a part of Section 23 of the Act of 1842 relating to Income Tax. "The Commissioners of Stamps and Taxes for the time being, together with such persons as shall be appointed Commissioners for special purposes as next hereinafter mentioned, shall be special Commissioners. . . ." The meaning of Commissioners of Stamps and Taxes is the Board of Inland Revenue, and I quote again part of section 130 of the same Act, ". . . to appeal to the Commissioners for Special Purposes. . . and thereupon every such appeal shall be heard and determined by two or more of the Commissioners for special purposes *who shall be directed by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue to hear appeals*. . ." Section 23 of the same Act also shows how these *independent* gentlemen are appointed, to wit, "by warrant of the Treasury." I do not say that they are unjust, but to state that they are anything but a subsidiary body is untrue. In fact, it will be seen from above that the Commissioners of Inland Revenue are themselves a portion of the body, so that it follows that the Board which is the Revenue raiser, is itself, with a subsidiary body, the *alternative* appeal body to the General Local Commissioners in Income Tax, and the *only* appeal body in the case of the super-tax, and, mark you, any person who is suspected to be a subject for super-tax may be required by these gentlemen to reveal *to them* the total income from every source. Surely this is not apprehended, or the proposal would be at once cast to the winds.
>
> As showing the unenviable reputation of the administration of the Board of Inland Revenue, I may state that at the last examination under the new intermediate scheme, from which positions in the War Office, Admiralty, Estate Duty Office, Exchequer and Audit Office, and *Assistant Surveyor of Taxes*, are now filled, there were twenty-seven vacancies for the first-named offices, and one for the Assistant Surveyors of Taxes. The first twenty-seven candidates took the twenty-seven places without difficulty, and the Board of Inland Revenue had to go down as far as the *sixtieth* candidate before they could get one to accept the vacancy in the Tax branch, *although the prospects are as good, if not better*, than in the others as regards pay. The cause is the terrible amount of overwork in the branch brought about by understaffing and red tape. An examination was held under the Intermediate Scheme about a fortnight ago, and the Board will probably have great difficulty in getting candidates to take up these positions as the intolerable conditions existing are becoming more well known. A thorough and sifting inquiry into the administration of the Board of Inland Revenue is required, especially as to the point of staff, including the unestablished clerks, on agreements terminable at a week's notice, who have the privilege of seeing all our most private documents.

"DYING—NOT DRUNK."

With reference to our comments of last week upon the case of Labrum and his wife, we have received the following letter from the Secretary of the Williams Typewriter Co., Ltd.:—

> I understand that your attention has been called to the case of William George Labrum, whose wife was the subject of an inquest on the 13th ult. Labrum is a workman in the employ of the above Company, and we have found him a thoroughly respectable man, and a hard-working and efficient workman. I understand that he owns the house he lives in, and at the time of his arrest he had £13 in his pocket, so that he was quite able to pay for any medical attendance which he required.
>
> Under the circumstances I cannot help thinking that a gross miscarriage of justice has taken place, and am amazed that Labrum should have been fined if the magistrate was told anything approaching the truth of the matter. I trust that you will be able to use the influence of your powerful journal to set this matter straight.

This letter bears out our statement that Labrum has an excellent record, and that when he appealed to the police to allow him to send for a doctor he had enough money in his pocket to pay the fee. The matter cannot rest where it is. A terrible wrong has been done, and it must be set right so far as that is possible. But nothing that Mr. Gladstone can do will, however, bring back Mrs. Labrum to life.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

Tenancy Agreement.—Anxious Tenant.—You appear to be the tenant of the lessee, and not of the owner, and your tenancy is a yearly one, and six months' notice is sufficient. The owner cannot hold you to the lease to which you are not a party.

Tenancy Agreement.—In Doubt.—The agreement is binding even though you have no copy of it. If you agreed for a year, and there is no other stipulation as to termination by notice, you are bound for the year.

Legacy Under Will.—Fairplay.—You should demand the return of the ring, and if this is not done commence an action, and the man will have to pay the costs. If the will says six months, you must endeavour to raise it out. The son owes the estate interest up to the date of death, and does not until then that the debt was encumbered.

Copyright in Play Based on Novel.—W. D.—The play is an infringement of the author's rights, and you would be liable for penalties if you performed it.

Bankruptcy.—T. H. (Darlington).—If the men are undischarged bankrupts the trustee is entitled to the legacy.

Tenancy or Factory.—The Fosse.—Whatever your tenancy was with the late owner it will be under the new one, as all the rights of the one pass to the other. The new owner is right in his contention.

Breach of Promise to Marry.—Waist.—In our opinion the lady has no cause of action now, and the contract may be said to have been rescinded by mutual consent. If it is still in operation, the marriage of the man would be the time when the breach took place.

Loan from Moneylender.—Constant Reader (Staffs).—It has been held by the Court of Appeal that where the moneylender carried out and completed the loan elsewhere than at his place of business as registered the transaction was void. You need not pay anything further, though you cannot recover what you have paid. If proceedings are taken against you the judge is bound to non-suit the moneylender.

Clothes for "Infant."—W. S. C.—You cannot plead infancy for such a debt, and you must pay up.

Dilapidations to Property.—J. B. (Birmingham).—You are liable, and you cannot escape by transferring the property unless the lease entitles you to do so without getting the owner's consent.

Income Tax.—H. F. J. (Cricklewood).—Write to the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, Somerset House, W.C., for the necessary forms, and to the address of the Surveyor of Taxes for the district where you live.

Bankrupt's After-Acquired Property.—A Creditor.—As the bankrupt has acquired £10,000, all you have to do is to apply to the Official Receiver in Bankruptcy, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn, and get the bankruptcy re-opened. The Trustee will then claim the money, and use it for dividends.

Law Costs.—Will B.—The defendant can get execution for his costs, and compel you to pay if you have any means to do so. We think that you ought not to have lost the action.

Name of Illegitimate Child.—Rebin.—The only name that the child has any right to is that of her mother, but the husband of its mother is bound by law to bring the child up as his own, as under the poor laws it becomes one of his family.

Solicitors for Speculative Work.—Buckmaster.—It is unprofessional for solicitors to take up cases on the principle of "no cure no pay," and we cannot undertake to recommend any solicitors for such a purpose. Indeed we do not recommend solicitors at all to our readers.

Cycle by Instalments.—F. E. (Abercynon).—As you are under age, and a cycle was not a necessary thing like clothing, you should plead "infancy," and judgment would then be given in your favour. You could make terms, and thus pay for the actual value of the machine.

Tenants' Fixtures.—D. H. A. (Teddington).—If the fixtures are removable, and if they have not become the property of the landlord by being affixed to the freehold, the tenant may remove them. He should bring an action for the return of his deposit, and for damages for detention of fixtures.

Medical Fees.—Anxious (Birmingham).—Let him issue a summons, and then set up a counterclaim for damages for negligence. He has no claim.

Compensation for Injury.—Trevillian (Bristol).—We do not see how we can help you in the matter. They are bound to pay you the compensation awarded, and your best course is to write to the company and ask them to arrange to remit it to you every half-year. It is for them to pay you, and not for you to go to them for it. If they fail you can summon them.

National Cash Register.—Excelsior (Tavistock).—You are entitled to press for a reduction in the purchase price on the ground that the company has broken its contract with you in cutting prices. If they continue to refuse to make a reasonable rebate you had better consult a solicitor with a view to resistance. A test case will probably be heard by the High Court soon after the Long Vacation is over, which will enable you and others to see where you are in the matter. We return your papers. J. A. J. (Sydney).—Ditto. J. H (Ramsgate).—Ditto.

Power of Attorney.—W. H. G. G. (London).—You say you have land in Ceylon you wish to sell, and that a person in Ceylon wishes to buy at a price agreeable to you. You want to know how you are to get the thing through. Send out a Power of Attorney, of course.

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE

£245,460 PAID TO CLIENTS ■ RESERVE FUND **£30,000.**

We recently published in these columns the separate accounts of six clients who between them had received £8,605 from us. We now publish six smaller accounts, amounting to £2,733 0s. 3d.

Miss M.E.G.'s A/c.

Cheques.		Amounts.
5,372	...	£6 0 0
5,807	...	12 0 0
5,960	...	12 0 0
5,983	...	12 0 0
6,595	...	6 0 0
6,772	...	16 0 0
6,886	...	12 16 0
7,121	...	15 8 0
7,606	...	12 0 0
7,746	...	9 0 0
7,770	...	11 0 0
7,903	...	7 10 0
9,531	...	11 8 0
9,657	...	24 0 0
10,089	...	16 10 0
10,234	...	9 12 6
10,331	...	6 0 0
10,864	...	15 15 0
11,328	...	43 1 0
10,561	...	12 6 6
12,534	...	73 5 0
		£344 12 0

G.H.'s A/c.

Cheques.		Amounts.
B 69,138	...	£7 10 0
C 20,842	...	6 10 0
C 20,881	...	15 0 0
C 21,244	...	6 0 0
631	...	9 15 9
198	...	23 15 0
216	...	6 0 0
337	...	9 0 0
464	...	7 0 0
1,868	...	10 0 0
2,502	...	14 0 0
3,246	...	11 13 0
4,360	...	8 13 4
4,506	...	7 10 0
Car. forw'd		£142 7 1

B'ght. for. Cheques.		£142 7 1 Amounts.
5,677	G.H.	6 5 0
5,872	...	15 16 3
6,055	...	21 12 6
6,191	...	3 3 6
6,316	...	18 15 0
6,460	...	16 17 6
6,625	...	23 5 0
7,457	...	18 0 0
9,398	...	17 2 9
9,633	...	16 0 0
10,145	...	14 5 6
10,240	...	14 10 0
7,957	...	13 0 0
8,336	...	10 0 0
9,116	...	15 13 1
12,628	...	9 12 6
		£391 10 2

W.J.G.'s A/c.

Cheques.		Amounts.
6,642	...	£60 0 0
6,811	...	9 0 0
6,827	...	22 10 0
6,869	...	7 10 0
8,095	...	63 15 0
2,468	...	97 10 0
8,682	...	41 5 0
8,837	...	26 5 0
		£317 15 0

M.A.W.T.'s A/c.

Cheques.		Amounts.
8,782	...	£24 0 0
9,930	...	15 0 0
10,020	...	15 0 0
10,262	...	42 0 0
10,658	...	33 15 0
9,785	...	34 0 0
Car. forw'd.		£163 15 0

B'ght for. Cheques.		£163 15 0 Amounts.
9,930	M.A.W.T.	15 0 0
11,503	...	20 6 0
31,469	...	18 5 0
12,130	...	27 2 6
12,190	...	17 10 0
11,273	...	42 13 0
12,950	...	15 0 0
12,903	...	21 15 0
11,561	...	32 10 0
		£373 16 6

H.H.'s A/c.

Cheques.		Amounts.
B 95,987	...	£19 11 0
B 95,995	...	5 1 8
B 95,996	...	10 0 0
B 96,034	...	38 19 0
B 96,035	...	43 0 0
B 96,042	...	18 10 0
B 96,044	...	15 10 0
B 96,366	...	7 17 6
B 96,370	...	5 0 0
B 97,284	...	22 10 0
B 97,329	...	19 10 0
B 11,409	...	10 0 0
C 20,817	...	6 5 0
C 21,118	...	6 0 0
C 21,249	...	6 0 0
781	...	20 0 0
89	...	39 15 0
241	...	10 10 6
274	...	37 10 0
353	...	21 5 0
475	...	27 10 0
1,148	...	6 10 0
1,772	...	12 10 0
2,013	...	5 7 6
2,524	...	26 0 0
2,610	...	9 0 0
2,755	...	6 0 0
3,203	...	17 10 0
Car. forw'd		£483 2 2

B'ght for. Cheques.		£483 2 2 Amounts.
3,575	H.H.	6 0 0
3,853	...	6 0 0
4,589	...	35 0 0
4,934	...	125 0 0
2,941	...	10 0 0
5,963	...	18 10 0
6,351	...	57 10 0
6,668	...	6 0 0
7,010	...	20 0 0
7,293	...	16 10 0
7,338	...	20 0 0
7,682	...	22 5 0
7,931	...	8 0 0
8,630	...	7 10 0
9,496	...	13 10 0
9,776	...	8 0 0
9,516	...	12 0 0
		£874 17 2

F.G.'s A/c.

Cheques.		Amounts
B 91,319	...	7 0 0
B 91,363	...	20 0 0
B 91,385	...	65 0 0
B 91,424	...	27 10 0
B 91,439	...	12 0 0
B 91,450	...	12 0 0
B 91,462	...	6 0 0
B 91,469	...	6 0 0
B 91,483	...	6 0 0
B 91,491	...	16 10 0
C 21,001	...	19 17 10
C 21,025	...	10 0 0
1,042	...	40 0 0
1,086	...	15 0 0
2,634	...	6 6 0
6,513	...	9 0 0
6,696	...	19 5 0
6,783	...	17 16 7
7,045	...	94 8 6
12,205	...	14 15 0
13,964	...	6 0 6
		£430 9 5

The above sums, and 10,500 similar amounts, were made by clients starting with £6 and upwards in a few weeks.

"JOHN BULL" (Feb. 9) in one out of three notices says, "*If you win, you will be paid.*"

EVERY CHEQUE CAN BE SEEN.

Telephone—712 London Wall. Telegrams—"Natsharex, London."

SPECIAL TRIAL COUPON.

The National Share Exchange

22, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

STOCK AND SHARE DEALERS.

J.B., 1214.

Please forward me full particulars of how, with £6 and upwards, the above sums were made together with a list of upwards of 10,500 other cheques, etc.

NAME .....

(Rev., Mr., Mrs. or Miss.)

ADDRESS IN FULL.....

SCHOOL PETS AND HOME PETS.

(A distracted father tells his troubles with the children's pets.)

I have recently read in the papers that give us our daily news and other fiction that there has been some trouble with the Board of Education in the matter of keeping pet animals in school. It seems this is a branch of Nature Study to which objection has been raised. Personally, I do not care how many pets the children keep at school—so long as they do not bring them home.

This was not always my view. When my children first began a course of Nature Study I unfortunately approved the idea, and when they asked if they might bring their pets to the house and treat them as a kind of home lessons, I said yes, just adding a few remarks as to what kind of creatures they were sedulously to avoid.

From the moment my word was passed I could never sit down to table without observing white mice popping out of the boys' waistcoats or down the back of my little girl's neck. They kept them in their pockets or up their sleeves, and at first it gave me many a bad turn to see a couple of the things cake-walking on Freddy's collar-bone.

But it was when the animals took to me that I began to kick. I was sitting reading one night, when something tickled my leg. I went to brush it away, but it wouldn't go. It just dug its claws or its teeth or its tail into my calf. It was one of the precious mice, and it had climbed up inside the leg of my pants. Another one was chasing it, playing touch, I expect, and my part of the entertainment consisted in evicting them.

Some days afterwards I found three of them in my desk, where they had been waxing fat on my cheque-book—which is more than I can do. And, when I put on my smoking jacket for a quiet pipe at evenfall, I thrust my hand into the pocket to find my pouch—and found a bunch of very small white mice instead. After that I told the youngsters they must get rid of their pets, and I believe they tried to obey. But three mice were never accounted for. I think perhaps the cat accounted for one of them—there was a suspicious look of intelligence on her face when I referred to the matter; and I believe the others are somewhere behind the wainscot still. If they show their heads outside it I'll shoot them.

The children then took a turn as field naturalists. They brought their specimens home, and I did not mind that, but I occasionally wished they had not omitted to tell me when they were on the spot.

For instance, I like water-beetles and I adore newts, but it gave me a shock to pick up the glass in my bedroom in the middle of the night, when I was thirsty, and find a lot of squirming things dodging against my fevered lips.

In about one second I had opened the window and flung the lot out. In less than another second the night policeman on our beat charged me with pitching a quart of lizards and whelks down the nape of his neck. If the man hadn't known me, I believe he would have run me in.

When I had got rid of him, I found my wife in a dead faint. She had heard the disturbance, and, desiring to interfere as a woman will, she had slipped her bare feet into a pair of slippers with the idea of coming downstairs. But a cold, wet frog had slipped in first.

I told the children I could not allow an aquarium in my bedroom nor a froggery in their mother's slippers, so they had to go on a different tack, but even then they were not considerate enough to inform me.

I got home tired one night, wanting nothing except a pipe and a glass. The children were sitting round the table, doing their home lessons.

I was too tired to talk. I just said, "Hallo, my dears!" and then I threw myself into a chair. If I threw myself into that chair in a hurry, it was nothing to the hurry with which I threw myself out again. And there was something sticking to me, something that stuck to me like grim death. I didn't know what it was. But I could feel it. There was no doubt about that. I could feel it a hundred times over. I yelled and I screamed.

"Oh!" cried little Dick; "pa's been and sat on our hedgehog!"

I have now told that family of mine that I will allow no more strange creatures as home pets. They are barred, every single one of them. The Board of Education may do as it likes regarding school pets, but if my children want a home pet, let them take me. If they must study nature at home, let them study me.

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HUMAN DOCUMENT.—LIX.

A STRANGE STORY CONCERNING THE LATE LORD BRAMPTON.

A correspondent writes :—

As you would have known the late Lord Brampton, perhaps you would kindly advise me on the following statement. My mother was the sister of the late Lady Brampton, who, in the year 1850, was performing at the Haymarket Theatre in her name, Miss Reynolds. While so engaged, she made the acquaintance of Hubert De Burgh, who took a house for her at 30, Curzon Street, Mayfair, and provided her with a brougham. His brother was the Marquis of Clanricarde and Postmaster-General, and through De Burgh's influence, Miss Reynolds got her brother, Francis Reynolds, a position in the Dead Letter Office, St. Martin's le Grand, at £60 per angum. Years went on. Miss Reynolds made the friendship of Lord Ernest Bruce, then Vice Lord Chamberlain. She then became higher in power at the theatre, being able to dictate to Mr. Buckstone, the manager, what plays should be produced. At this time my mother was pregnant, and the child was foisted on Lord Ernest Bruce, and was christened at St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, by Father Cotter, in the name of Ernest Brudenell Maxwell, in the latter part of the year 1854. For this child she obtained a substantial allowance, and another house was taken for her at 4, Wilton Place, Knightsbridge. About the year 1859, Miss Reynolds made the acquaintance of the Duke of Wellington, and about this time Mr. Hawkins came on the scene. We, as children, were told that Mr. Hawkins acted in some way as legal adviser to His Grace. The Duke gave Miss Reynolds the free use of White Lodge, Norwood, where my sister used to be taken to stay with her for months together. About this time, my aunt (Miss Reynolds) had made great promises as to what she would do for our family, for we were only in poor circumstances, my father working at Hill Bros., tailors, 3, Old Bond Street, London, as a journeyman. Mr. Hawkins became a constant visitor to Wilton Place from the first, and used to take my aunt to Epsom to see the Derby, advising her on all legal matters, and remaining in close friendship till the day of their marriage. My father, who was of the stern and just type of Scotchmen, did not agree with my mother in certain things that was done by her sister (Miss Reynolds), and the continued promises she had made as to the start in life she would give us. So at last my father took me to his shop and apprenticed me to the tailoring. Years went on and we saw very little of Miss Reynolds, as there had become a great margin in our stations of life. My father died in 1874, and my mother used to get assistance, when she was behind with her rent, from Miss Reynolds. My foster brother went to America and enlisted, as nothing was done for him by Miss Reynolds. He has not been heard of for twenty-five years. In the year 1887, the Duke of Wellington dropped dead at Brighton Railway Station, and immediately after, preparations were made for the marriage of my aunt and Mr. Hawkins, and his conversion to the Romish Church, at the Oratory, Brompton, and where they made the friendship of the clergy, who became acquainted with her, and never left her till they followed her to her grave, they having persuaded her to leave her fortune, £200,000, to the Church. I wrote to the Archbishop soon after her death, asking him if he could give me a little assistance to start a small business in the tailoring, but he sent a printed letter declining, which is herewith enclosed. I had forwarded my birth and parents' marriage certificates (to prove my identity), which he returned. My object in writing to you is, if you could inform me of any institution that would assist me. I am active, and not afraid to work; am in a guarantee society for £100, and have a good character, and look years below my age. Would be willing to forward you any particulars, or certificates you might wish. I have no wish to write of the ill-doings of the dead, only that you could see why our family were left out.

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—LVI.

Those of our readers who have so generously helped this case, will read the following letter, written by the recipient of their kindness, with the pleasure it has given us:

> I cannot find words to express my extreme gratitude to you, in the first place, and to your readers who have answered my appeal so generously. Perhaps you will know in a small measure what I feel when I tell you that when your letter came, I had not a morsel of food in the house, or any means of obtaining it.
>
> Sometimes one thinks the world a very hard and cruel place, but, thank God, there are good hearts in it; and myself and others like me could not be too grateful to you, Sir, for putting our cases to the public.

We have received further sums: 2s. 6d. from "X"; 6d. from "Hard-up"; 2s. 6d. from a reader in North Wales; 1s. from "A Reader"; and 10s. from C. B. T. (Hoylake).

With reference to Human Document LVIII., we have received a postal order for 3s. from a reader who signs herself "Perseverance," which sum we have forwarded to the proper quarter.

The Electric Cure is Popular.

As Pleasant as it is Effective.

It is grand to put on an electric battery while lying down resting, and feel its exhilarating influence in every nerve and muscle. There is no inconvenience attached to it in any way. One hour's daily application is sufficient. There is not the slightest shock or irritation, but a gentle, soothing warmth that goes direct to the nerve centres. That kind of electricity cures, and the cure it gives is permanent.

People will sometimes try an ordinary battery (made, no doubt, for commercial purposes), or a shocking-current, which irritates the nerves, and conclude that electricity is not suitable. It will not do any good in that form. The current must be given without shock—without irritation of any kind—and in this way the very weakest individual can be built up.

No person is too weak to use electricity. In such cases a longer building-up process is required. But the results are just as certain as water is to extinguish a fire when applied in sufficient quantities. If a proper battery is used, it is impossible to supply a very strong current, free from all inconveniences.

How much more pleasant it is to be cured in this way, while resting, than to be pouring medicine into the poor, weakened stomach, until it is impossible to do without it. This drug habit grows on one, like the whisky habit; and no wonder, as alcohol forms the chief ingredient of many preparations. It is simply adding more poison to the weakened organs. Why not stop it?

Rheumatic sufferers, those crippled with Lumbago, Sciatica, or Gout; the victim of weakened stomach, kidney, liver, bowels, or bladder; the person with the shattered nervous system, and suffering from Paralysis, Epilepsy, Neurasthenia, Insomnia, Neuralgia, or Heart Trouble, should seek a restoration of health in the electric cure. Don't say—"It might not do me any good." It will do you good, if you resort to the right means. It will cure you.

There is a book for free distribution among all readers of "John Bull" which covers this subject fully. You should not be without it if you are not in possession of perfect health. It tells the cause of weakness and disease, and how a cure can be had. It describes the most successful remedy known—the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery. The history of many cases is sent with the book. It costs you nothing to get it.

It is not an exaggeration to say that electricity is doing more for human ailments than any remedy known. The users of the "Ajax" Battery universally endorse it. Mr. A. Hornby, Shakespeare Hotel, Ker Street, Devonport, says: "I can now dispense with the daily use of the battery. I am better than I have been for years, and am quite free from pains in the body." A report from Mr. Fred Saunders, 125, Lothian Road, Edinburgh, is most encouraging: "Before I used the battery I had for several years taken great quantities of drugs without effect, but none since. It has cured me of Insomnia."

Electricity is the ideal treatment for nervous conditions. Mr. Harry S. Poole, 4, Fairfield Road, Market Harborough, reports a cure of Neurasthenia. He says: "Although suffering from Neurasthenia in a bad form, I feel as though I can now do a day's work with much more joy, and when I have finished be comparatively as fresh as when I started."

At the recent International Exhibition in London the "Ajax" Battery secured the Grand Prix with Gold Medal. The award was issued by the special medical section of the Exhibition, and endorses the system of applying electricity as well as the battery. This is the only electric treatment to secure such an honour. It is also supported by the "Science Siftings" Certificate of Merit.

Write at once to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., and you will receive by return post the most valuable book ever published on the subject. It is sent in a plain sealed envelope. If near enough to call, please come and test the power of electricity free.—[Advt.]

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Wasp Waists Again.

A girl reader writes to ask me, in reference to one of my remarks about smaller waists coming into vogue, what is the smallest waist I have ever seen on any normally built woman. Frankly, I have myself never seen anything smaller than seventeen inches, though my correspondent herself quotes the case of a French *artiste* whose girth is said to be thirteen inches and a half! Such a measurement, if possible, is surely a deformity? It is certainly not a beauty. My friend of the seventeen-inch waist was five feet four in height, and happened to have been born very pretty, with fair hair and Greek features. But her natural graces were all being quite deliberately sacrificed to her wild passion for a smaller waist than her neighbour's, with the result that her face was drawn and pinched, her eyes unnaturally startling, rather like a hunted hare, and her movements rigid and curiously angular, like those of a person afflicted with rheumatism in the joints. She used to go to church almost professedly because a pew-top showed off her abnormal proportions to full advantage, and stand there with her thin elbows well bowed out that all might see. She seemed a caricature of a woman, and made all other women seem like goddesses by comparison. Yet she was born beautiful. The whole thing seemed something like a sort of suicide, artistic and moral. It made you laugh and shudder at the same time.

Laced-in Ladies.

My girl correspondent tells me that she and her sisters have been trained by their mother to "lace-down" as much as possible, and that a few years ago she herself was "laced-down" by her mother's orders to sixteen inches and a half. The mother quotes in defence of this, that in her own youth her school-friends often attained such wasp-like proportions. But does not the mother also remember that, this being so, the average height of those bygone girls of the "sixties" and "seventies" was inches less than that of the present, or even the intermediate generations? That consumption, and chlorosis, or a fatal kind of anæmia, were quite ordinary girlish ailments in those days, not to mention hysteria and constant fainting fits? Also that pretty faces were much rarer? Even the novels of those days will show you that they used to regard a pretty woman in a social circle very much as a bird of Paradise might be regarded in a fowl-yard—with obvious mistrust and surprise. She was certainly nearly always the bad one in any book. Again, in those days, they had few demands on them to join in recreation or exercise of any kind. Croquet—a very crawling kind, mainly made up of arch flirting with whiskered gentlemen—was their garden game; occasional skating, and in country life, hunting, and roadside botanical walking parties made up their possibilities in this direction.

But to-day, what on earth would happen to the girl who dared to go to, say, a country house-party or any group of average men and girls all ready for the usual games and exercises, and whose determination to keep her own waist under seventeen inches made her confine herself to croquet and botany? What a "roasting" the poor thing would get! How she would be gibed at, tormented, and mocked! Men would desert her side, women would openly laugh at her. The whole tide of public opinion would be utterly against her. Her triumphs would be *nil*.

The Packer's Delight.

Now, all that the dressmakers can hope to do in such an age is to bring into vogue what is now being whispered about, namely, a fuller effect of skirt and shoulder decoration, thus throwing the waist into less prominence, and so decreasing its apparent size. But at present we have really rather fallen in love with ourselves in our straight-down picture dresses, as well as with their delightful capacities for packing themselves into small trunks and suit-cases, thus doing away with the huge dress-baskets of a former age. The travelling woman alone will hold on to them as long as she can, but it will not be so easy to persuade any of us to change our classic garments for lumpy puffs and gathers, I imagine. Only the absolute caricaturing of the Directoire style will be its ruin: and that will even yet take some time to accomplish. Meanwhile, that sixteen-inch question hardly crops up seriously. To-day we are expected to look sleek and straight, and smoothed down from head to foot like mermaids. Do not let us turn ourselves into spinning-tops or cotton-reels before we absolutely need. It is so inartistic, and it is so very, very ageing.

"JOHN BULL'S" QUESTIONS.

If not Yourself, who would you be?
(*Alleged Answers of Prominent People.*)

Mr. Bottomley: Mr. Horace Avory, K.C.
Mr. Asquith: Mr. A. J. Balfour.
Mr. Lloyd George: Mr. Rockefeller.
Mr. Horace Avory, K.C.: Mr. Horatio Bottomley.
Mr. Winston Churchill: Earl Winterton.
Mr. Hall Caine: One of my critics.
Earl Winterton: Will Thorne, M.P.

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At any time after the third year;
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the Company agrees, if depositor is not, at present time, 60 years of age, to pay the full face value of the policy to his estate should he die before the ten years have matured; or if he lives until then, to make him a cash payment; and this notwithstanding the fact that he has only made three annual Deposits, and will not be called upon to pay the balance.

There are several other unique advantages.

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"IN THE AIR."

NOTES ON AVIATION.

By W. PARKER.

The Rheims Week.

All accidents and weather drawbacks to the contrary, the Rheims meeting has been a huge success. Hitherto, aeroplanes, like untamed birds, have taken the air at their own sweet will, but here they have become comparatively docile. Wind or no wind, they had to make the best of it, and nobly they have done so. By the time these notes are printed, the official results will be known, and a profoundly interesting document they will make. Up to the time of writing, one thing is clear: out of the scattered heats run, wherever possible, and often under great disadvantages, the aeroplanes have come triumphantly into the category of practical things. Their powers and limitations are now well recognised, and the advantages of the different schools of construction are now easy to compare. The biplanes have come out well, from the heavy double Voisin machine to the light Curtiss biplane, they have behaved admirably. The Wright planes have also demonstrated extraordinary flexibility and ease of manipulation, so much so that none can claim any great superiority over the others. In the matter of speed, pure and simple, Blériot's performance on Tuesday, and Latham's wonderful flight of 96½ miles in 2 hours 13 minutes on Thursday show the monoplanes to be the highest paced design, and their maximum is evidently nearer 50 than 40 M.P.H., even with our naturally imperfect models of to-day. Curtiss's biplane is also a wonder for speed, though as yet it has no great distances to its credit. As to Louis Paulhan's time record of Wednesday, 82 miles in 2 hours 43 minutes, the speed works out at only slightly over 30 miles per hour, but the uniformity and steadiness of the whole performance were altogether admirable. The skill of the aviator has also been proved conclusively to be a big factor, and this skill less an acquired one than a native gift. Paulhan and Lefevre are both "new men," and, at least in our present stage of development, it seems settled that "Aviator nascitur non fit."

The Course Itself.

No finer flying ground can be imagined than that which has been the centre of attraction all last week on the great Béthany plains. The course actually marked out by four wooden pyramids was exactly 10 kilometres in length, and rectangular in shape, the sides 3,500 metres, and the ends 1,500 metres each. Where the public congregated about the sheds and in the neighbourhood of the stands, the mud was a thing to remember, and the station road—the "Path of Lost Goloshes"—was almost as bad as some of the "highways" of the Middle West, in that country of rudimentary roads, the United States.

The Wright Patents.

An ominous little incident which the great excitement at Rheims has almost eclipsed is the pending trouble between the Wrights and the owners of the Curtiss machine. One of the chief claims of the Wrights is the conjunction of the vertical rudder motion with the flexing of the main wings. No doubt the flexing of these surfaces induces a lateral turning movement, which must be corrected by the rudder's action, but whether the movement of the small guiding planes on the Curtiss machine produces an effect which must be neutralised in the same way, is not quite clear. It is to be feared that this is only the first symptom of litigation in the matter of aeroplane design which may occupy the attention of lawyers in the future.

The Harmless Aeroplane.

Where is the appalling danger associated with aeroplaning in the minds of many people? It does not do to boast, but serious accidents have been extremely rare. At Rheims, Fournier, Blériot, Paulhan, and others have had numerous smashes, none of which, however, have been accompanied by severe injuries to the pilot. Nothing equivalent to the deadly toll of racing motor-cars has attended the pioneers of aviation, and apparently this immunity from accident is not altogether a mere question of luck, but is more or less inherent in the sport. It is, at any rate, remarkable that with one terrible exception, that of Lieut. Selfridge last year in America, there have been so few serious and no fatal accidents since mechanical flight reached its practical stage less than two years ago.

English Experiments.

One is glad to note the activity which is now being shown in some quarters at home. The new All-British monoplane now in construction by Messrs. Wyndham and Gamlen, at Wembley, will shortly have a 35 H.P. English-built motor installed, and there will be considerable interest displayed in its trials, since its supporting surface is evidently small, and the designers have studied compactness and portability to an unusual extent. Mr. E. V. Roe's machine is, it must not be forgotten, also entirely of home manufacture, and with a motor of under 10 H.P. he has accomplished some useful short flights at Leyton. Every attempt ought to be made to encourage practical work of this kind in England, and after the magnificent events at Rheims, the Powers that be, some of whom have seen them with their own eyes, should realise that the hour has come when we must get to work with all zeal and speed, or be left not merely far, but disgracefully far, behind.

£250 Reward If She Fails.

WRINKLES.

"JOHN BULL" FREE BEAUTY COUPON.

Good To-morrow for This World's Most Famous Beauty Specialist.

An opportunity is now offered every reader of *John Bull* to consult the world's most famous beauty specialist, Harriet Meta, of Paris and London, absolutely free.

A little over three years ago there was nothing known which, in the opinion of scientists, would actually remove wrinkles, but at that time Mlle. Meta made the important discovery which has since made her famous in two Continents.

She demonstrated the great power of her new process by taking her own wrinkles out with it in three nights, after face massage, masks, straps, steaming pots, etc., had all failed, and to-day Mlle. Meta's face is still free from wrinkles, her cheeks full and plump, and her skin and complexion is a delight to behold. In fact, by many she is considered the most beautiful woman in all Paris.

Her remarkable discovery was brought before the Judges of the Paris International Exposition and the Rome Exposition Internationale for their investigation, and in both instances they quickly awarded her Gold Medals thereon. The French Government also honoured her with a patent on her new process, and patents are now pending before the U.S. Government at Washington.

London Journals sent their Beauty Editresses to investigate her methods, and their highest endorsements of her discoveries made her famous almost overnight, so that she was eagerly sought after by French Countesses and English Ladies of high title and rank. The beauty Editress of the London "Onlooker" wrote: "An interview with Mlle. Meta left me persuaded that here at last might be found the secret to restore youth and beauty."

Many of those who have used her process report most astonishing results. Mrs. Mary J. Davis, of East St. Louis, Ill., says: "My wrinkles were very deep and of long standing, so you can imagine my surprise when, after only two applications, they entirely disappeared." Mrs. L. E. Haskell, of 2,502, Clay St., San Francisco, writes "I am fifty years old. Consequently my wrinkles were of long standing, and I had not thought it possible to erase them, but now when I view my changed reflection in the mirror I can scarcely realise the transformation that has been wrought." Mrs. M. A. Edwards, of Raleigh, N.C., says: "Since using the Treatment I look younger than I did twenty-five years ago."

Countess Ralsch, of St. James's, S.W., writes: "I have used your treatment just as you directed, and the result is simply wonderful. In spite of some of the lines having been deeply marked, they have now completely vanished, leaving the skin beautifully soft and smooth. I consider your treatment truly marvellous, and am sure anyone who gives it a trial will endorse my opinion."

Since Mlle. Meta made her remarkable discovery imitators have naturally sprung up all over the country. Some of them have copied Mlle. Meta's advertisements and literature to such an extent that the public is often at a loss to distinguish the imitation from the real. We are therefore authorised to announce the following remarkable offer, which cannot fail to convince you as to who is who.

Mlle. Meta will forfeit £250 in Gold if she fails to prove that she holds nine Gold Medals and three Grand Prix on her discoveries from International Expositions. She will forfeit £250 in Gold if anyone can prove that she did not take out her own wrinkles with it in three nights exactly as she claims. She will forfeit £250 in Gold if every testimonial and sworn statement which she publishes is not absolutely genuine. She will forfeit £250 in Gold if anyone can show advertisements similar to hers published in any Newspaper or Magazine prior to the publication of her advertisements.

Mlle. Meta has made arrangements to furnish free information in regard to her marvellous process for removing wrinkles to all JOHN BULL readers. Merely cut out and send her the Coupon below and you will receive free particulars by return post in a plain sealed envelope. You can use this remarkable process in the privacy of your own home without the knowledge of even your most intimate friends. It often works astonishing wonders in a single treatment overnight.

WRINKLES.

Cut out this Coupon to-day and post it to the World-famous beauty specialist, Harriet Meta (Dept. 120 B.) 61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C., for FREE INFORMATION in regard to her marvellous discovery for removing wrinkles. Good to all "John Bull" readers.

"John Bull" Free Coupon 120 B

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"The Pin and the Pudding."

There is a very mild wishy-washy sort of Charles Dickens atmosphere about Mr. Barton White's three-act play, "The Pin and the Pudding," produced last week at the Comedy Theatre as a peaceful send-off to the forthcoming boisterous dramatic season with which we are threatened.

I seem to distinguish a dim resemblance in the hard-worked, ill-paid clerk, Robert Anthony Malkin, to Bob Cratchit, the half-starved servant and father of Tiny Tim, belonging to the firm of Jacob Marley and Ebenezer Scrooge in the Dickens "Christmas Carol"—a resemblance accentuated perhaps by the thin little methods of Mr. Harding Cox, who years ago was considered quite possible in the amateur world, but who has apparently allowed time to rust the steel on which his art was polished, with the consequence that he gives a very indifferent performance in an extremely flimsy domestic comedy which could only have been made interesting by acting of the first-class order.

I'll tell you who I think would have played Robert Malkin admirably, calling to mind this actor's pathetic tutor in "Old Heidelberg," J. D. Beveridge; for Barton White's character requires a man who looks as if he had undergone privation and suffered from want—not a tiny figure of the Harding Cox type, with all due respect to this gentleman, for no matter how many meals he was denied, Mr. Cox couldn't possibly grow leaner or look thinner than Nature has already made him.

Mrs. Sam Sothern as Mrs. Malkin thrives and grows magnificently hale and hearty on the 28s. a week earned by her husband, and the only discontented being in the Malkin household is "Tamsie" in the person of Miss Iris Hoey, a pretty young lady who has much to learn in the way of dramatic art, and must guard against two fatal faults, self-consciousness and undue affectation.

Mr. Athol Stewart is quite at ease as the good-looking officer aboard the R.M.S. *Bermuda*, Robert Whyte, jun., is excellent as the loud-voiced, vulgar Pat Carberry, but it is wicked that so clever an actor as Mr. H. de Lange should be wasted on such a silly part as Brutus B. Streak.

However, I don't suppose it matters much, as Mr. Harding Cox will have to introduce us to something much more attractive than the crudely imitated Dickensonian story, "The Pin and the Pudding," if he desires to bring health, wealth, and prosperity to his enterprise.

A play such as he now presents is not a bit of use, and will not draw any kind of an audience to see it, no matter how much the show is boomed and advertised.

A Drama of Real Life.

Verily truth is stranger than fiction. Turning over some old documents the other morning I came across a silver edged sheet of paper. The lettering on it was also in silver. It was an invitation to a wedding. Inside the sheet of paper was a note from the mother of the bride-elect in which she expressed a hope that we would come and see her daughter married; that the wedding was to be a very quiet affair; that the bride-groom was anything but a wealthy man, but that the young couple were so devoted to one another, and their ideas and views of life so absolutely one, that she had not the courage to deny them their chance of happiness, so had given her consent to a speedy marriage.

But a short while ago I read in the daily papers that disaster had followed this union and that the divorce court had divided the "devoted" couple.

Now here is a strange coincidence. The same evening that I unearthed the silver-edged wedding invitation, I went to a theatre, and took my seat in a stall not noticing my next door companion.

In the interval between the acts a hand was slipped into mine and someone asked softly:

"Have you quite forgotten me?"

I immediately recognised the voice.

"May I introduce you to my husband?" she said.

As I lifted my eyes towards her companion, they travelled further along, to the man sitting by his side, and my words of greeting became indistinct and incomprehensible—for there seated by husband number two was husband number one, whom she, in her bridal gown decked with lace and orange blossoms, had sworn before the altar to love, honour and obey.

The man seated "beyond" was, in his turn, paying attention to another woman, and appeared absolutely indifferent to the beautiful girl he once loved, and who was then sitting next but one to him.

Can people really forget like that? Neither of them seemed to remember, or give a thought to the other, and yet not long ago they had knelt together as suppliants to Heaven, and taken the most solemn and sacred of vows.

I did not wait to see the end of the play upon the stage, I crept out into the night to think of that real drama of life.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?
See Page iii. of Cover

POTATO DISEASE.

Alarming Conditions of Northern Counties.

One of the matters which ought to be taken in hand as soon as Mr. Lloyd George gets his hand on that Development Fund, is the question of wiping out potato disease. The evil is a very serious one: so serious in certain districts that the possibility of compulsory suspension of potato growing is said to have been considered by the Board of Agriculture. Such a drastic measure ought not to be taken (if the scab is merely the English potato scab and not the American variety) until every remedy has been tried. The Eastern Counties are practically free from the scab, which may or may not be because the Eastern Counties farmers are the cleanest in the country and the most progressive. It used to be said that well-limed ground would not harbour scab; but in the North neither lime nor sulphur has stopped the disease. Lancashire is suffering most severely, whilst Cheshire and Cumberland are also in an alarming condition from the point of view of the murphy grower. Certain "treatments" tried this season have improved the size of the crops, but they seem also to have increased the damage done by the plague. There is a huge field for the scientist in the cabbage garden and the potato plot as yet hardly touched.

"IDEAL BUSINESS GOVERNMENT."

Our £1,000 Competition.

At the time of going to press coupons are rolling in at an enormous rate in connection with this competition, and it will probably be at least a fortnight before we are able to announce the result. From a cursory examination of the nominators received up to Saturday, there would appear to be a general consensus of opinion that the Naval Minister should be either Lord Charles Beresford or Admiral Fisher; the Minister of War Lord Kitchener or Lord Roberts—whilst our Editor appears to be a good favourite for Minister of Finance. We may be in a position to make a more definite statement next week.

Before You Go

Look out the dresses and blouses you want to take away for your holidays and send them to us if they are soiled. We can dry-clean them in a few days—to your certain satisfaction—for a moderate sum—and return them to a fixed date, if you wish, looking as fresh as new. Write to-day for a copy of "The Art of Cleaning and Dyeing," and address of nearest branch or agency, or send your order direct to address below. We pay carriage one way.

Achille Serre, Ltd.
HACKNEY WICK, LONDON.
'Phone - 1265 East.

"JOHN O' GAUNT"
WATERPROOF COATS
Direct from the Manufacturers.

Smart Dark Grey Rubbered WATERPROOF COAT, ventilated; fashionable wide skirt, 90 inches; weight about 20 ozs.

36 inches long 7/6; 39 inches long, 8/6; 42 inches long, 9,11; 45 inches long, 11/3; 48 inches long, 12/6
Actually worth more than double.

The "John O'Gaunt" is the Ideal Coat for Cycling, Golfing, Shooting, Touring, Riding, Boating, Fishing or Walking, and will wear for years.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue of Waterproofs, Oilskins, Cycling Capes, &c., free on application.

PARKER'S,
Dept. J.B., Waterproof Manufacturers,
LANCASTER.

JOHN BULL AWAKE!
By JAMES ALEXANDER. (Unwin Bros.) 1s.

"We particularly recommend the perusal of this book."—FIELD.

"This valuable book should find its way into the hands and hearts of the multitude . . . should ensure a large sale."—CITIZEN.

"We hope this stirring book will be widely circulated in the Empire."—STANDARD.

PHENOMENAL RINK DIVIDENDS UP TO 155 PER CENT.

Dividends up to 155 per cent. were paid last season when comparatively few could roller skate, since then thousands from every town have been taught, so that it is believed this season will be the greatest roller skating year ever known. The above figures therefore should, and it is most probable they will, be greatly exceeded.

THE MAGNIFICENT YORKSHIRE COUNTY RINK OPENS IN SEPTEMBER, 1909.

This will be a substantial structure, **built of brick and stonework with steel principals**, specially designed and decorated, and a work of a most handsome building calculated to draw thousands from Leeds and the adjacent towns which have an enormous population.

Early application for the limited number of shares which are available to the public is necessary, as the Company has already come to allotment.

Notice is hereby given that a Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, of which the following is an abridged copy.

YORKSHIRE'S PREMIER RINK.

THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST IS NOW OPEN, AND WILL BE CLOSED AS AND WHEN THE DIRECTORS SO DETERMINE
THERE ARE NO DEFERRED SHARES, AND NO PART OF THE PRESENT ISSUE HAS BEEN OR WILL BE UNDERWRITTEN.

YORKSHIRE COUNTY RINK COMPANY, LIMITED.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE COMPANIES (CONSOLIDATION) ACT, 1908, WHEREBY THE LIABILITY OF EACH MEMBER IS LIMITED TO THE NOMINAL AMOUNT OF HIS OR HER SHARES.

CAPITAL - - - - - - £8,500

Divided into 8,500 Ordinary Shares of £1 each. ISSUE OF 6,500 ORDINARY SHARES, payable as follows:—2s. 6d. per Share on Application, 7s. 6d. per Share on Allotment, and the Balance one month after Allotment.

DIRECTORS.—WALTER BOYLE, Burmantofts Brick Works, Burmantofts, Leeds, Brick Manufacturer.
CHARLES HENRY GOTT, 18, the Exchange, Bradford, Civil Engineer.

GENERAL MANAGER.—CLARENCE M. STEAD (Roller Rink Expert and Roller Skate Patentee).

SOLICITORS.—W. H. CLARKE, MIDDLETON, AND STOTT, 12, South Parade, Leeds.

ARCHITECT.—PERCY ROBINSON, F.R.I.B.A., Yorkshire Post Chambers, Albion Street, Leeds.

AUDITORS.—J. W. CLOSE, HIRST, AND CO., Chartered Accountants, North British and Mercantile Buildings, East Parade, Leeds.

BANKERS.—NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK OF ENGLAND, LTD., Park Row, Leeds, and Branches.

SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICES.—H. E. SHUTTLEWORTH, North British and Mercantile Buildings, East Parade, Leeds.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed to take over the lease of the Land and building (now in course of erection) situated near to Reginald Terrace, Chapeltown Road, Leeds, which will be fully equipped as a high-class Roller Skating Rink.

Enormous profits have and are being made by Skating Rink Companies in various parts of England, and to supply a long-felt demand, a thoroughly up-to-date and comfortable Rink will be provided, catering, as it will, to its patrons' enjoyment and comfort.

It is considered that the site is unique, being situated in a good and thickly populated residential district, and while being very central, is in a select position, and easy of access from the car routes and all parts of Leeds.

Plans for the building, having a floor surface of over 30,000 square feet, have been approved by the Corporation of Leeds, a perspective view of which is enclosed with Prospectus, and the music licence has been granted.

The Company has been promoted by Empire Roller Rinks Ltd., who carry on business as Skating Rink designers, builders, operators, and experts, and who have agreed to act as managers and operators of the Rink.

Empire Roller Rinks (Ltd.), who are erecting this magnificent building, which is one of a series now in course of erection in this country, possess rights and facilities for the operation of Rinks which it is believed will give Roller Skating a higher status and obtain a vast and permanent patronage.

The construction, design, and artistic features of the building are on a scale hitherto unattempted, combining a handsome structure, unique lighting effects, ingenious arrangements of interior, enormous maple floor surface of special and improved construction luxurious Lounge and Continental Cafe, Palm Garden, and other specialities.

The interior of the building will be much more comfortable and not subject to the various atmospheric conditions as in the case of corrugated iron structures.

The special features are summarised as follows:—

1. Up-to-date Cafe and Lounge.
2. Brilliant and novel Lighting effects.
3. The very latest Ball Bearing Skate.
4. Artistic external and internal design, with a comfortable and durable structure.
5. The Rink is within the 1d. Car Stage and walking distance of the centre of the city, and is situate in close proximity to the best residential districts.
6. The large Skating Surface will accommodate over a thousand skaters, and is believed to be the largest in Yorkshire.
7. A first-class Military Band will be provided to render appropriate and up-to-date Music at the afternoon and evening sessions, and all day on Saturdays.
8. An up-to-date Motor Garage for the convenience of patrons.
9. A Spacious Balcony for the use of Spectators.

The Company acquire the lease of the land, which covers a period of seven years, at a rental of £60 per annum. On determination of the lease, the Buildings are the property of the Company.

It is estimated that this Rink will yield a very substantial profit, embracing, as it does, all the advantages enumerated elsewhere in this prospectus, which render it one of the finest, if not the finest, equipped Rink in this country, affording extraordinary facilities for the enjoyment of that most pleasurable and fascinating form of exercise, "Rinking," on the highest class lines possible.

It is the belief of the directors and many experts that the public will permanently support the pastime under such luxurious conditions as the promoters have made possible by their improvements in the buildings, fittings, etc.

It is proposed to open the Rink for three periods daily, viz.:—10.30 to 12.30, 2 to 5, and 7 to 10.

It is estimated that the Rink will accommodate over a thousand Skaters, besides ample provision for spectators, and the probable profits are estimated as follows, but no account is taken for revenue from the Carnivals and the letting of the building for special purposes when not used for skating.

Basing calculations on the attendance of 100 in the morning, 200 in the afternoon, 400 in the evening, and assuming three-quarters to be Skaters, the receipts would work out as follows:

		£	s.	d.
Admission—Morning, free.				
Afternoon, 200 at 6d.	— —	5	0	0
Evening, 400 at 1s. ..	— —	20	0	0
Skaters—Morning, ¾ of 100 at 1s.	— —	3	15	0
,, Afternoon, ¾ of 200 at 1s.	— —	7	10	0
,, Evening, ¾ of 400 at 1s.	— —	15	0	0
Per day		£51	-	0
Allowing 6 days per week, total per week would be		£307	10	0
Running for 39 weeks per year..		11,992	10	0
Less estimated expenses of conducting the Rink in high-class style, £60 per week — —		2,340	0	0
		9,652	10	0
Estimated profit from Cafe, Cigar Kiosk, Fees for Tuition, etc., at the low estimate of £5 per week		195	0	0
Leaving estimated profit per annum of..		**£9,847**	**10**	**0**

There are no Deferred Shares, so that all the profits are available for distribution amongst the Ordinary Shareholders.

The full Prospectus as filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies may be obtained from any Officer of the Company, and applications for Shares must be made on the terms of the full Prospectus, and the information therein contained.

THIS FORM MAY BE CUT OUT AND USED, AND MAY BE SENT TO THE BANKERS OF THE COMPANY.

TO THE DIRECTORS OF YORKSHIRE COUNTY RINK COMPANY (LIMITED).

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

No. .....

Gentlemen,—I beg to send you herewith the sum of £....., being a deposit of 2s. 6d. per Share payable on application for ..... Ordinary Shares of £1 each in the above-named Company. I request you to allot me that number of Shares, subject to the terms of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company and upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus, dated July 21, 1909, and I agree to accept the same or any less number that may be allotted to me, and I agree to pay the amount due on allotment and further instalments thereon when required, and I authorise you to place my name on the Register of Members accordingly.

NOTE:—PLEASE WRITE VERY DISTINCTLY.

Name (in full) .....
(State whether Mrs., or Miss, Mr., Rev., etc.)
Address (in full) .....
Profession or Business .....
Usual Signature .....

Date ....., 1909.

BULL'S EYES.

Notes of Interrogation:—
Will they call him Lieutenant "Shekeled'un" now?
Does West Clare really approve of Lynch law?
Is Morocco in for a tanning?
Will the Territorial nurses attend only to the infantry?
Is the new "casts" gallery at the British Museum a model place?
Why don't those who recently clamoured for the retention of the steamboats find the money now?
Is the Hon. Rupert Guinness a stout Budget opponent?
Isn't Mr. Wellman rather a sick man?
Is the offer of a tip at a Lyons' restaurant a "gratuities insult"?
If the Budget raises rents, isn't it a blessing?
If women are the "fair" sex, what are men?
Isn't the Players' *Union* causing a lot of *division*?

If Caruso's example be followed and coloured dress suits become general, the "shades of night" will have a new significance.

"The Waking Hour," a new book is called. Has it a good get-up?

"Life is one continuous competitive examination," says Lord Avebury. And we all start by using cribs.

Eleven out of thirteen jurymen at a recent inquest were foreigners, and even the coffin was a nail-y-un.

The woman whose hat caught fire in Fleet Street the other day was, for the moment, quite light-headed.

If the Premier is being shelved, as is suggested, it must be by his own supporters, since the Opposition is certainly trying to take him down.

"Inappropriateness is the bane of music in restaurants," says the *Saturday Review*. But everything else is entirely "appropriate."

"Bass and the Budget," reads a heading. We know which will go down the better.

"Children can be as well educated in barns as in palaces," says Mr. T. Brown. But is that saying much?

"The Unseen Thing," a new book is called. Evidently an effort of the imagination.

"Rook Killed by a Golf Ball," we read. Nothing to crow about.

Some London firemen were marooned on a blazing barge recently, but they kept cool.

A one-year-old baby at Swavesey, Cambs., wades into the village pond and sits down in the middle of it. A duck of a child.

"After six elections, it is time to get into an armchair," says Sir S. Hoare. It's certainly time to get a seat.

An Exeter farmer excused himself for tying a pig's mouth by saying it barked like a dog and frightened people. He should have cured it.

"Women love paradoxes," says Martin Swayne. No doubt the sex is egotistical.

"The rector will be pleased to hear of any sickness or trouble in the parish," reads a church notice near Brentwood, Essex. The rector must be another Mark Tapley.

"Concerts for Paupers," reads an *Express* headline. We trust the performances are not poor, too.

After an existence of twenty-five years, the Primrose League has a membership of two millions. The John Bull League will do better than that.

The *Daily News* has an article headed: "Water Fleas." Most people find them.

"The Four Candles," just published, should prove light reading.

Heading: "Penal Servitude for Health." As regards age, the prisoner can certainly "do" time.

A vicar accuses the Church of a "knife and fork" Christianity. Would he allow the curate a spoon?

Astronomers are anxious to "catch" Halley's comet. But it has always been a sloper.

The Staffordshire woman who resigned her old-age pension because it was too much trouble to fetch the money evidently likes to take things easily.

"Bishop Dies Worth 1s. 6d.," reads an *Express* heading. We have always suspected some of them of being worth very little.

"A Lighted Candle"—just published—evidently deals with one of the burning questions of the hour.

A report of a Grimsby wedding states: "The bride was given away by her granddaughter." We should think she was.

A cabbage weighing 27 lbs. has been cut by a Mr. Miller, of Southwick, Hants. A hearty meal.

At a Bildeston (Suffolk) wedding, a fire engine was used as a wedding carriage. The escape would have been better.

The parishioners of a Watford church have cleared £20 profit by making and selling jam. The flavour should be divine.

Are You Awake—Why Not?

All Goods Sent Direct from Factory to Home.

Practically all bedsteads are manufactured in Birmingham. From this city they are sent to furniture dealers everywhere for retail sale incurring heavy distributing expenses; for instance, from Birmingham to London, and from London Dealer to Purchaser, expenses in carriage, packing, handling, storage, and delivery amount to as much as 20 per cent. of the value of an iron bedstead. Buyers may save most of these expenses and avoid risk of injury by double handling, etc., by purchasing direct from me—all goods being sent direct from Works in a perfectly new condition.

EST. 1889.

Showrooms 82, Moor St., Birmingham.

For Twenty Years

I have supplied the Public Direct (without making use of Shops or Stores) with Bedsteads, Wire Mattresses, Bedding, Cots, Cribs of every description, and also general Household Furniture.

Prompt Despatch. Packed Free. Carriage Paid.

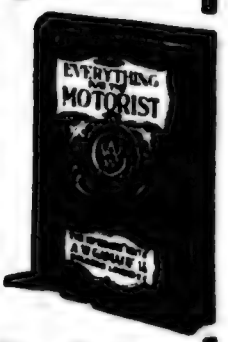
CASH OR INSTALMENTS.

FULL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES POST FREE.

CHAS. RILEY, DESK 8, MOOR ST., BIRMINGHAM.

YOUR CAR

is probably costing too much for upkeep. Write or call for this book, it will save you money. It is the largest, most comprehensive and up-to-date catalogue published. No motorist can afford to be without it. New Edition just published in consequence of its great success. It is gratis and post free.



A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd.,
Holborn, London, E.C.
BENETFINKS, Ltd., Cheapside, E.C.

FIDELITY GUARANTEES.

Policies are granted at low rates of premium by THE

LAW GUARANTEE,

TRUST & ACCIDENT SOCIETY, LIMITED.

For prospectus and full particulars, apply—

HEAD OFFICE:—49, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.
CITY OFFICE:—70, Cornhill, E.C.
Capital, fully subscribed, £2,250,000.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA

Insurance Corporation, Limited.
SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL . . £350,000.

FIRE. LIFE. ACCIDENT. HOUSE PURCHASE.

The Corporation issues prospectuses with entirely new features in all departments of business. Agency applications invited. Write for prospectuses, and particulars of Agents' Progressive Bonus Scheme.

Chief Office, 45-48, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

The time to buy is on days of reaction, as this is the condition precedent to a rise in prices. Very large amounts were paid out in connection with the Canadian Trusts. Participants in our future Trust operations are invited to inspect list of payments.

TRUST IN STEELS COMMON

The greatest business boom ever recorded has set in in the United States; the boom is growing with an unsurpassed rapidity; indications of tremendous crops in the West.

You cannot be pushed out of the market in six months even if a panic should occur. Temporary decline of the market does not affect your transaction in the least.

(For 3 Months, £2 for every $1,000)

Your whole liability is limited to £2 (remitted) for every $1,000.

The profit in three months is estimated at £60 for every £2 remitted, which should mean that one will have returned £60 plus £2, equal to £62.

Whether or not you have ever dealt in American Railroads, we invite you to send us at once the application form attached below and learn from your own experience whether our advices and methods are valuable for the general public.

Nothing else is expected of you than to recommend us to the circle of your acquaintances after the success has been completely proven, that means not before you have received from us £60 on your £2 remitted.

THE SUBSCRIPTION WILL BE CLOSED THURSDAY, THE 9th OF SEPTEMBER.

Amount Required £2
Estimated Profit £60

GERSON HAMSON & CO., LIMITED, Norfolk House, Laurence Pountney Hill, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: ESPONJAS, LONDON.

OUR CAMPAIGN FOR 1909.

INTERVIEW WITH A WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN MAGNATE.

We dare say we are experts in Yankees (American Railways) and that we know everything about them that can be known. We dare say that we understand the entire Wall Street System better than any one of our competitors, and very often have an occasion to feel that in 3 months we could bring you further than you can get yourself in 3 years.

Nowadays almost everybody has a friend who is a dealer or broker in Stocks and Shares, so we cannot expect that you should give us the preference, unless we actually prove to you that we are often sooner and better informed than other firms. In the end the public will transact their business where the best profits are to be gained and the best conditions to be obtained.

We shall prove to you that our advices are valuable.

A Trust in Steels Common: It is our intention to possess in 1909 the largest amount of clients that ever a stock broker or dealer could boast of, and we will realise this fact through our **Trust in Steels Common.** We will force you to a certain degree, at least once, to give us an order and to form your own opinion about our method of dealing and the capacities of our correspondent.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

"Don't be a Bear on America," J. Pierpont Morgan said. "That man who is, goes broke."

Whether or not you have ever dealt in American Railroads, we proclaim this fact: Send us at once the application form attached below and learn from your own experience whether our advices and methods are valuable.

OUR PROPOSITION.

A Trust in Steels Common (For every Thousand Dollars you must send £2—and the estimated profit is £60—in 3 months.)

Condition 1st. All Steels Common shares are opened at the London closing price of Thursday, the 9th of Sept., which quotations are controlled by almost every English paper (Globe, Daily Telegraph, Financial News, Financial Times, &c., &c.). Suppose the closing price in London should be 77¼—77⅛ then is the buying price 77⅛ nett, which means naturally without you paying any further commission or other expenses. If you sell or buy according to tape prices and yet have to pay commission you are paying too much. A Daily Newspaper, from which you are able to ascertain these prices exactly, is sent you free of charge with every order.

2nd. All transactions will be closed the same date at London closing price, i.e., three months after the Trust opens, i.e., Thursday, 9th December, 1909, and all profits, without any limit, will be returned with the two pounds of your remittance.

3rd. If on Thursday, 9th December, 1909, there would have been no profit made, the transaction will be kept open for the **next 3 months,** i.e., Wednesday 9th March, 1910, **without any further margin.** We hope it is now quite clear to you that the worst that can happen, is that the closing quotation in London on 9th March, 1910, is 1 per cent. or more under the quotation of 9th Sept., 1909, and then, and only then, would your loss be £2, and under no circumstances more than the two pounds remitted.

4th. **Every buyer receives a stamped contract informing the purchaser that if necessary we keep the account open for 6 months, and that the entire responsibility of the buyer is limited to the £2 remitted.**

OUR CORRESPONDENT PREDICTS:

A boom in Yankees in 1909, and quotations for the different shares never surpassed. Please keep in mind that the same correspondent, after an interview with one of the best-known American financiers, has sent to our clients telegrams on several occasions from which the following is an example: "Advise immediate purchase Chesapeake Common. Do not delay, but follow our advice at once and you will continue to deal with us. Margin returned with profit; inside information in hand." Chesapeake were at that time 58½ and are now 82½, so those who have followed our advice will not have forgotten this.

We are convinced that through our Trust in Steels Common we will enlist and retain you as one of our clients.

On Thursday, 9th Sept., the Subscription will be closed. If you wish to become a participant in the Trust please send by return post the attached application form, with your name and address and the amount of Two Pounds to:—

GERSON HAMSON & CO., Limited, Norfolk House, Laurence Pountney Hill, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

Steel shares are conspicuously strong and it must be remembered that J. P. Morgan never admitted failure in anything. Its very rapidly growing earnings and the possession of almost unlimited supplies of raw material (almost all paid for) are factors for a considerable advance in the stock. Many authorities in positions to know what they are talking about, say that the dividends will certainly be increased considerably in October again, and Steels Common under 125 are worth buying.

CHAT ON 'CHANGE.

This book, compiled by a leading financial expert, will be sent gratis and post free to every one subscribing in our Trust Operation.

It is a complete handbook and guide for the use of those who wish to study the various methods of Stock Exchange operations.

A careful perusal of these pages will enable the reader to thoroughly grasp the different methods in which to open an account.

Being written in plain and easy language, it can be readily understood by everybody.

USE THIS FORM. J.B.

I buy thousand dollars United States Steels Common Shares on the London closing price of Thursday, the 9th of Sept., and further on the conditions as mentioned in your advertisement, for which I enclose £2, with the understanding that my entire risk is limited to this amount.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

If you will invest a larger amount, please make the form out accordingly. For instance: If you wish to make out the form for $5,000 you must remit £10. You can also REMIT BY POSTAL ORDER OR CHEQUE.

More of these forms can be obtained by application to our offices or by writing.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," and* ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc., which will be duly acknowledged.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write names and addresses upon the back of their work. The Editor can accept no responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work when stamped, addressed envelopes are sent for the purpose.* ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL.

The EDITOR *can express no opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT SCHEME.—Owing to the relatively small number of claims which we are now receiving in connection with this scheme, we propose raising the number to 100, as from the end of September. But we are afraid a great many readers do not preserve their copies.

WITH reference to our cartoon last week depicting 500 men watching a person drowning at Wimbledon, and which was based upon a report in the *Evening News*, we are glad to learn that the facts appear to have been exaggerated. Come, come, Lord Northcliffe.

LOCKHART BROS., LTD., trading as "Lockharts," in Manchester, Glasgow, Leeds and Blackpool, and Lockhart, Smith and Co. Ltd., trading as "Lockharts" in Newcastle-on-Tyne and district, desire it to be known that they are in no way connected with the firm of Lockhart, Ltd., of 18, Paul Street, Finsbury, who were recently defendants in the prosecution before Mr. Plowden, the Metropolitan magistrate.

"LAW" (London) satirically congratulates our Editor for his "accurate quotation of the Latin phrase '*Fortiter in modo—suaviter in re*?" "Law" is evidently a Scotchman.

WILL W. de V. communicate with "W. F." 193, Station Road, Long Eaton, Derbyshire, who is thinking of trying his luck in South Africa?

TOM GIBSON, who left home on May 11th, is requested to communicate with his wife, whose address can be obtained from our office.

J. E. (Dundee) AND OTHERS send us a copy of a remarkable publication called the *Scottish Prohibitionist*, which is apparently published in Dundee. It contains an article about ourselves, and ends up with a dreadful challenge to "send a representative to hear and answer our defence of the liquor traffic as a national institution." The debate is "to be conducted before an impartial audience" and "any time and any part of the country will be convenient" to the *Scottish Prohibitionist*. But, apart from any other consideration, the second renders the acceptance of the challenge an impossibility. Prohibitionists are never impartial—consequently we should have the meeting to ourselves.

"CONSTANT READER" wishes to know the present circulation of JOHN BULL. The way to arrive at it is simple. Take the total population of the British Empire and add a few hundred thousands for casual visitors from other parts of the world.

H. O. C. (Watford).—You should get your solicitor to make a formal demand upon your faithless *fiancee* for the return of the jewellery and money—and doubtless that will have the desired effect.

S. G. (Harrow) has to propose the health of a bride next week, and does not know how to begin. We suggest "Ladies and Gentlemen."

C. I. M. (Edinburgh) says all children under 21 become British through the naturalisation of their father.

P. H. E. (Wellingborough) draws our attention to a new photograph enlargement trick. You used to send a small sum for the enlargement, and then have to pay much more for a frame before your order was completed. Now you pay 1s. 3d. for a wretched blur, and are asked 3s. 4d. more for another process to complete the picture. The culprits are the Electrophot Co. (Welsbach House, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.).

D. W. (Hull) says Mr. J. MacPhail, the food inspector, is at Hull, not Leeds. That is the Hull difference.

"STAFFORD."—Anyhow it was a silly name.

J. S. (Llanrwst).—We never said we could spell Welsh. Sarcasm is a dangerous gift, and it was unwise to jeer at the parsimony of people who had the whip hand over you.

S. W. (St. Helens).—Your sentiments are excellent, but your poetry is not quite up to that of Henley, Byron or even Austin.

R. T. P. (Battersea).—The G.N.R. advertisement may not be very lucid, but you would scarcely expect an eight-day return to Glasgow for 3s., though some of us would have to be well paid to go there at all. A cheap single from Scotland would be popular.

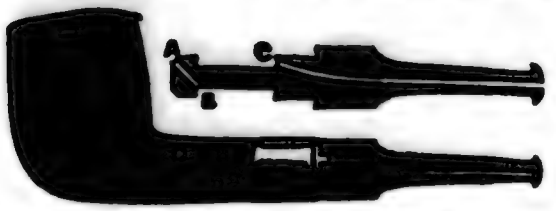
C. Q. (Cloth Fair) sent 2s. 6d. to Lady Edwards' Loan Trust (13A, Cockspur Street, S.W.), with two substantial references, but failed to obtain a loan. That is not in itself a proof of fraud, of course—but!

J. B. (Leicester) considers "wife of the late" a blunder in an obituary. But "widow of the late" is offensively redundant. If the man died first, how could his wife be anything but a widow? We have always shuddered when we read the solecism—"widow of the late." As well say "a human man."

R. E. B. (Romford) complains that B. S., jun. (Forest Gate) has broken out in the *Daily Chronicle*. Let us hope he will stay there. We have already bought him a muzzle.

H. S. H. (Bayswater) says: "Art, my dear Sir, is the very essence of life." In a sense, perhaps, our good fellow.

CAPS-EM
PERFECT PATENT
..A..
Revelation to Pipe Smokers.



Have you not tried many patent pipes in your time and found them ALL unsatisfactory? TRY the MOST PERFECT pipe yet invented, and procure one, to your lasting benefit.

THE most fascinating pipe for Smokers. Cleaned in two seconds. No soiling the hands. The nicotine has to pass through stem from A to B, the smoke is drawn up through C, therefore ensuring a perfectly cool and pure smoke. Made in six shapes —bent and straight.

2/-, 2/6, 5/6 & 7/6 each through all high-class Tobacconists, or samples sent post free upon receipt of remittance from the —

CAPS-EM PERFECT PATENT
PIPE CO LTD
165 Ladbroke Grove North Kensington W

DO YOU HEAR WELL?

The Stolz Electrophone—A New Electrical, Scientific, and Practical Invention for those who are Deaf or Partially Deaf—may now be tested free at the London Offices of the Stolz Electrophone Co., Ltd., 85-85 Fleet Street, London, E.C. The Electrophone is a tiny electric telephone that fits on the ear. It MAGNIFIES the sound waves. It overcomes buzzing and roaring ear noises. It improves the natural hearing. Fifteen days' trial is allowed.

Electrophone in use—less conspicuous than eye-glasses

Mrs. E. Savile, 12, Otley Road, Headingley, Leeds writes:—

"I have now used the Electrophone ten weeks. It improves every day, and I really think that in a very short time I shall only need to use it at church or theatres, as I can hear ordinary conversation fairly well without it already. It has improved my hearing wonderfully, and I should not like to be without it. I should like all deaf persons to try one, and can thoroughly recommend it; or shall be pleased to let anyone try mine."

Mr. Kenll Parkhouse (Associate Royal College of Organists), 3, Lime Grove, Bedford, writes:—

"The Stolz Electrophone is of inestimable value to me. I am a professional musician, and after using this Phone for three months I would not be without it for anything. Sounds are heard at the correct pitch, and the Electrophone is so convenient that placing it at EITHER ear and playing comfortably for hours without a trace of irritation to the ear I can now hear my violin better than for years past. My friends are delighted with the effect the Electrophone has had on my health and spirits." Particulars on application.

STOLZ ELECTROPHONE COMPANY
(London), Ltd. Dept J B. 84-85 Fleet Street, London, E.C.

BIRKBECK BANK
Established 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ PER CENT. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts, repayable on demand
2 PER CENT. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All general Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary

The 5s. Brownie Kodak
will make a splendid record of your Holiday.
A CHILD CAN USE A BROWNIE.
Full particulars in the Kodak Book, free.
KODAK, Ltd., 57, CLERKENWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

G. E. K. (Plumstead) has been travelling, and read the legend, "FIRST CLASS LADIES WAITING ROOM." He wonders if that includes Suffragettes. But they are in a class by themselves.

BEYONIC (London).—We cannot communicate with young ladies who do not give their names and addresses.

W. H. (Worcester).—We are a bit anxious about our "rugged" rival.

F. C. (Croydon).—The discussion on Freemasonry is now closed.

SIR A. J. M. (Liphook) suggests that murderers should be given over to surgeons for experimental purposes. But torture is at variance with the spirit of the age. Certainly, Sir A. may "trouble" us again. Delighted, we are sure.

W. G. H. (Plaistow).—It is rude to ask a gentleman's age, but Crow will be glad of the verses for his birthday:—

"At ten, a child; at twenty, wild;
At thirty, strong, if ever;
At forty, wise; at fifty, rich;
At sixty, good, or never."

Jim says that, at that rate, he must be 40, with a little dash of '65 and bitters.

E. B. (Ladywood).—Alas, we cannot guarantee replies in any particular number.

"FOX" enquires about the *bond-fides* of the Foxhill Private Xmas Card Company (Grove Works, Oswaldtwistle, Accrington, Lancs). Can any reader oblige?

W. E. (Westcliff-on-Sea).—We don't know of any London societies which offer prizes for long domestic service. In any case, we don't see why the prize should go to the mistress.

H. Y. (Southampton) enquires as to the genuineness of the Slum Betterment Organisation (85, Hanover Street, Edinburgh).

M. S. (Brighton) and many others want a biscuit for an advertisement requiring "cook-general and house-parlourmaid; married couple preferred." But both cooks and generals are sometimes maids, while maids are not always maidens.

H. B. S. (Pembroke Dock) thinks the Minister for Military Affairs ought to have been through the ranks.

F. H. (Sheffield).—We are not responsible for the spelling of our correspondents.

J. H. (Partick).—Peccavimus. We meant Britain. The *Edinburgh Magazine* recently took us to task for this little lapse.

E. E. C. (Bournemouth) thinks political meetings should be held in the neighbourhood of rivers for the convenience of Suffragettes.

F. C. K. (Blackfriars Road).—We cannot investigate puzzle competitions inaugurated by advertisers unless they have used our columns.

"A REGULAR READER" (Cardiff) says soldiers sometimes sham sick hooks to escape route-marching, and that No. 9 pills are given to encourage their activity.

C. C. (Oldham) wants a biscuit for the *Weekly Dispatch* for stating that "enormous crows watched the splendid marine spectacle." But Jim objects on the ground that the missing d has since been produced by the sub-editor.

"DISGUSTED" (Leeds) says two employees at a mill were sacked for frequenting beer-houses in their spare-time. They certainly have a perfect right to grumble, but we cannot pronounce ex-parte.

J. S. (Newport, Mon.).—We do not see how you can prevent a man from advertising himself as a handy-man. Surely the Trade Unions would intervene if it was a case of blacklegging.

B. S. JUN. (Forest Gate) favours us with his views about ——. To which Sultan shall we submit his letter? His many friends will be glad to hear that he is yet alive.

(*We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.*)

NEW TREATMENT FOR CONSUMPTION.

CONCRETE PROOFS OF CURE WITH "SARTOLIN."

Sartolin is a remedy which has been proved to be effective even in the most desperate cases, and was recommended by specialists on Tuberculosis before the Berlin Medical Association.

Its cure is achieved by following the methods propounded by authorities such as Galen (the father of therapeutics), Rhazes, Mascagni, Pasteur, and others, viz. :—

By means of the dry distillation of chemicals, breathed in conjunction with air (Internal Antisepsis), and by the application of Balsams externally.

Sartolin makes the application of narcotics unnecessary. No medicine is required, no sanatorium.

THE SANATORIUM AT HOME.

Serum-Therapeutics are to-day disavowed from the medical as well as the chemical point of view. The dispensing of drugs and medicines in treating tuberculosis has also proved itself to be a failure (see Orig. Citation of Professor Dr. Ewald before the Berlin Medical Association).

The Sanatorium or open-air treatment, which has already cost the nation millions of pounds, has given but little, if any, effective results, whilst the fact cannot be disputed that the Sartolin method has been applied with great success under the least favourable hygienic conditions of the patients. The majority of the latter belonged to the working class, lived in inadequate and scanty dwellings, were badly nourished, and had already been given up as incurable. A point that must also be stated is that most of the patients were able to follow their daily occupations whilst undergoing the treatment. Full particulars post free from Sartolin, Head Office, 20, High Holborn, London, W.C.—[ADVT.]

Are Your Prospects As Bright As You Would Wish?

Are you worried because it is *not* certain that your present post will lead up to the better paid position so essential to your future happiness—and because it *is* certain that if you lost your present situation you would find it hard to get another.

Let the International Correspondence Schools free your mind of such anxieties. Whether you are a clerical or a manual worker, the I.C.S. will give you, by correspondence, the precise training which will qualify you for a better post, and the "I.C.S. Student's Aid Department" will help you in the matter of employment. Mr. J. Harvey writes, April, 1909.

"I must thank you for helping me to better my position. At 25 years of age I am foreman pattern maker with the ——— Company, Newcastle, a firm in a flourishing condition. Although there were close upon 100 applicants for the post, my certificates carried me through. So you can see what your schools have done for me."

Fill up the Coupon or write us full particulars, free. You owe so much to your future.

138

Registrar, INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Ltd (Dept. K.), International Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C. I am interested in your system of technical training and desire to increase my earning power. Please send me post paid, free of charge, the Book covering the subject before which I have marked X on the coupon, and full information showing how I can succeed in same.

Bookkeeper. Show Card Writer. Illustrator. Analytical Chemist. Electrician. Mechanical Draftsman. Electric Lighting Supt. Plumber and Steam Fitter. Civil Engineer. Architectural Draftsman. Structural Engineer. French. Spanish. Advertisement Writer. Window Trimmer. Civil Service. Textile Mill Supt. Electrical Engineer. Telephone Engineer. Mechanical Engineer. Stationary Engineer. Building Contractor. Architect. Mining Engineer. German.

Name ..... Age .....
Street ..... Town .....
Occupation 4909

Residents of the following countries should address the respective I.C.S. branches—CANADA—Toronto. INDIA—Fort, Bombay. SOUTH AFRICA—Cape Town. NEW ZEALAND—Wellington. AUSTRALIA—Sydney.

ALEXINE.

MANY PEOPLE ARE FORCED TO EAT TOO MUCH in order to eat enough.

What you eat—how much you eat—or even how much you digest—is not the whole question.

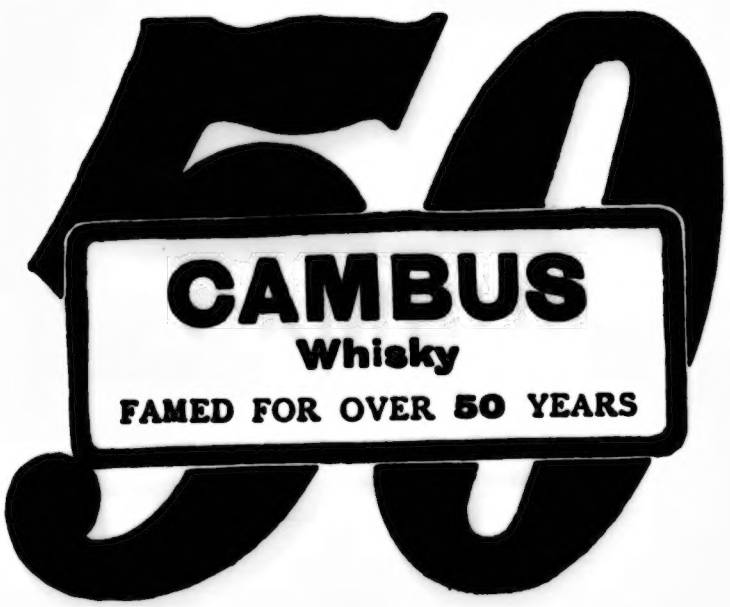
By stimulating your appetite and aiding your digestion you may be only overloading your system with waste products.

ALEXINE will enable you to "get all the good out of your food." It is neither a food nor a medicine, but an aid to Nature.

The active principle of ALEXINE is free phosphoric acid, which acts upon the otherwise insoluble phosphates in your food and in your system, and enables your brain, your nerves and your muscle to take them up and make use of them.

Obtainable through all Chemists at 2/9 and 4/6 per bottle; or from sole British Agents at same prices, post free.

THOS. CHRISTY & CO.,
4, 10, 12, Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.



RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga
("*Larry Lynx*" *of* The People, *and* "*Magpie*" *of* The Globe.)

Medley.

Ayr is the Newmarket of Scotland.

To win at racing you don't want to know the horses—but the men.

Horses that are going to break down, but don't, are just the sort to own.

Races with conditions penalising according to collective amounts won, are always extremely difficult to understand.

On courses like Epsom, Brighton, or Lewes, horses cantering in the distance look like cats on the sky line.

I hear that, like most provincials who migrate to Newmarket, I'Anson is not over-impressed with the Turf headquarters.

It is usual for trainers to be over-sanguine and to invariably advise owners to back their horses.

The all-white jacket of Mr. R. Mills is an exceptionally bad one to distinguish at the distance, being much the same as ANY light shade of colour, whether it be blue, cream, or one of the many very similar tints.

Prophetic.

A quiet prelude to the Doncaster week is the beginning of Nurseries. In one of these, Miss Portland, who ran noticeably at Alexandra Park, has a big chance, while it would be madness to overlook

Putchamin,

who *can* win the Peveril of the Peak Plate, which is a flattering handicap. Another of this season's disappointments, Maud Mackintosh, is also thrown in, and it was just at this period of last year she began her series of successes.

Look on at Lewes, but adhere to

Aubergine

for the Earlsfield Handicap at Kempton on Saturday, and be on Jet if started for the Sale Plate. This is a useful three-year-old.

I shall not have a chance of alluding again to the St. Leger, which all *hope* to see the King win. But as it is only in fiction that His Majesty's horses have everything arranged for them to succeed, I cannot believe in the very lucky Derby winner, Minoru, beating

Bayardo,

who is now—as proved positively twice at Sandown—as far in front of the other three-year-olds as he was their superior as a juvenile. In minor races at Doncaster, Putchamin—if failing in the interim at Derby—King's Champion, Yentoi, and Mustapha must be supported.

Horace White and His "Investor's Guide."—We are sorry that this man's advertisement was admitted into our columns. As soon as we became acquainted with the real character of his business, we peremptorily removed the advertisement, and we now warn all our readers against having anything whatever to do with this man or his system.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See Page iii of Cover.

"BLACK & WHITE" WHISKY

BUCHANAN'S POPULAR 'SCOTCH.'

"TADDY'S GRAPNEL" MIXTURE

A BLEND OF CHOICE TOBACCOS.
Price 6½d. per one Ounce Packet.
" 1/1 " two " Tin
" 2/2 " four " "

The IDEAL Policy
INTRODUCED BY
THE BRITISH HOME ASSURANCE CORPORATION, LTD.
PROVIDES
Life Assurance without Medical Examination.
For full particulars of this unique scheme send postcard to
M. GREGORY, Managing Director, 6, Paul Street, Finsbury, London, E.C.
AGENTS WANTED—EXCELLENT PROSPECTS.

DO YOU WANT MONEY
on Note of Hand alone from £10 to £1,000?
IF YOU DO,
and you are a genuine borrower and honourably intend to repay, apply to—
CHARLES STEVENS & CO.,
12, Devonshire Chambers, Bishopsgate Street, London, E.C.,
AND YOU WILL GET IT.
All business conducted confidentially and on plain straightforward principles.
Repayments spread over 12 months if desired. An application entails no expense whatever unless the loan is actually completed.

Portraits of Joyner's horses.

Cartoon:

"THE CENSOR."

THIS WEEK'S

"THRONE AND COUNTRY."

THE "NUGGET" WATERPROOF BLACK POLISH UNEQUALLED
TRADE MARK
FREE FROM ACID OF ANY DESCRIPTION
PRESERVING LEATHER FROM CRACKING
FOR PATENT, GLACÉ KID, BOX CALF AND OTHER LEATHERS
LONDON, S.E.

USE "NUGGET"
POLISHES
"DOUBLE the LIFE of your BOOTS"

'WINCARNIS'

A ROYAL TONIC.

A DELICIOUS BEVERAGE.

The supreme test of the real merits of "WINCARNIS" is in the *good* it will do *you*. To feel refreshed and exhilarated—to experience the renewed glow of vitality—to realise the joy of living—these are the gifts of "WINCARNIS." To take "WINCARNIS" is to grow enthusiastic—to enjoy it—whilst it is doing you good—giving new life, with the certainty of health and strength maintained and renewed. "WINCARNIS" makes the weak strong, and the strong stronger—creates pure blood with increased circulation, drives away depression, builds up tissue and nerve force. It animates the brain. "WINCARNIS" does you *real good*, and that *good* is *lasting*.

SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE OF CHARGE.

Send your name and address, enclose three penny stamps to pay cost of carriage and packing to Coleman & Co., 1242, Wincarnis Works, Norwich, and you'll receive a trial bottle gratis. Mention JOHN BULL.

AFTER FREE TRIAL

You can get "Wincarnis" from any Wine Merchant, Licensed Chemist or Grocer. It is also sold by the glass and in 1s. flasks at most hotels, high-class licensed houses, and at railway station refreshment rooms. "Wincarnis" is also sold with quinine, or iron, or pepsine, or celery, all of which are beneficial in suitable cases.

Gold Medal, Franco-British Exhibition, London, 1908.

Refuse Substitutes.

CHARING CROSS BANK

(Established 1870.)

18, Bedford Street, Charing Cross, London, and 54, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.

Branches: Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, Bristol, etc.

Assets, £1,667,948. Liabilities, £1,296,871. Surplus, £371,078.

LOANS of £30 to £2,000 granted at a few hours' notice in Town or Country on personal security, jewellery, precious stones, stocks, shares and furniture without removal.

Stocks and Shares bought and sold.

Two and a half per cent. allowed on Current Account Balances.

Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under:—

Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann.

" 6 " " " 6 "

" 12 " " " 7 "

Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly.

Owing to the nature of our Investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on the shares of stock or share-holding insuring the safety of capital. The Bank is established for 40 years, and our position in the banking world testifies to the success of our business methods, and to the confidence of our customers. Write or call for prospectus.

A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

FREE. 30 ASSORTED 2D SAMPLES

IF YOU WANT a PROMPT ADVANCE

£100 or more on NOTE of HAND, BE INDEPENDENT of relatives and friends, and borrow from

FIELDINGS,

15, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

NOTE.—If you mean straightforward business and will satisfy us that you are able to make the repayments which may, if desired, be spread over long periods, you can be assured of your requirements being met.

BILLS ALSO DISCOUNTED.

(Distance no object.) (Strictly confidential.)

Telegraphic Address: "Unimpeded, London." 'Phone: Gerrard 548.

YOUR POSITION IN LIFE IS IMPERILLED!

You are fit, and *YOU* know you are fit still for many years useful work; but appearances are against you—

YOUR GREY HAIRS MAKE YOU LOOK TOO OLD!

Everything goes to the young man nowadays; in business and out of business you are passed over for the younger-looking man, who may be and probably is your inferior in ability. Why labour under such a handicap? Why not

BRING YOUR APPEARANCE INTO LINE

with your real condition by the simple application of

JUNON HAIR STAIN?

Read this :—

CERTIFICATE OF ANALYSIS.

A Sample of the "JUNON" HAIR STAIN has been submitted to careful analytical investigation in the Laboratory, and I have no hesitation in pronouncing it to be a preparation skilfully and scientifically prepared and free from all undesirable constituents.

From researches made, I can confidently express the opinion that it produces a highly satisfactory result, permanent in character, and in every way satisfactory.

GRANVILLE H. SHARPE, F.C.S., etc., etc.

JUNON HAIR STAIN has proved a godsend to thousands! Why not to YOU also?

SEND 1/- stating shade required (or send a cutting of hair and we will match it) for a LARGE BOTTLE to

JUNON LTD., Dept. M 57, MARSHAM ST., WESTMINSTER S.W

"BOTTOMLEY'S BOOK."

THE BOOK OF THE YEAR.

What is Your Number?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR 50 HELPERS AT A GUINEA APIECE.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified date bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for the issues of July 17th:—

B. GILBERT, 24, St. George's Terrace Barrow-in-Furness. (No. 205196—July 17th, 1909.)

A. E. DURHAM, 43, Stockmore Street, Oxford. (No. 224272—July 17th, 1909.)

T. E. BUTTERWORTH, 8, Bridge Place, Jack Lane, Hunslet, Leeds. (No. 58313—July 17th, 1909.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of July 31st:—

248; 3780; 5888; 13682; 19193; 27683; 36001; 42875; 46466; 63723; 68116; 64379; 66469; 73262; 83818; 89004; 89731; 89922; 91369; 105867; 114379; 115400; 136137; 140418; 144923 156010; 162113; 162937; 163668; 189133; 189842; 194776; 199673; 203676; 209478; 218422; 227117; 243376; 246387; 246721; 249013; 256479; 259011; 266469; 270000; 275382; 279468; 280441; 292477; 301772.

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED OCTOBER 9th (PUBLISHED OCTOBER 7th).

DOUGLAS STUART

HAS NOT FLOWN ACROSS THE CHANNEL

BUT IS STILL

LOOKED UP TO BY THE PRESS AND PUBLIC AS

"The Most Reliable Turf Accountant in the World."

VIDE PRESS.

BUSINESS CONDUCTED SOLELY FROM

102-104, New Oxford Street, London, W.

1.—NO LIMIT. **3.—PROMPT SETTLEMENTS.**

2.—CREDIT ACCOUNTS. **4.—PLACE COMMISSIONS** *(even when Favourite starts "Odds On.")*

Write to-day, stating fully your requirements, and

OPEN A CREDIT ACCOUNT.

BOOKS NOW OPEN ON ST. LEGER, &c.

Read what "THE SCOUT," of the "DAILY EXPRESS," said in a recent article in the "Sport Set" Magazine:—

"Mr. Douglas Stuart is, indeed, an acquisition; and, though a young man, is quite a Napoleon of Turf Commission Agents. No transaction is too big for him, and the business of few clients is too small for his consideration. It is a pleasure to bear testimony to a man with such a reputation. Go where one will there is never a word heard except in praise of Mr. Stuart as an upright business man. Mr. Douglas Stuart is simply Mr. Douglas Stuart, which conveys a lot, and he is welcome to the tribute herein contained. I say again, 'Mr. Douglas Stuart is an Acquisition.'"

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